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ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Ionian Islands, considered in a Commercial, Political, and Military Point of View; in which their Advantages of Position are described, as well as their Relations with the Greek Continent; including the Life and Character of Ali Pacha, the present Ruler of Greece; together with a Comparative Display of the Ancient and Modern Geography of the Epirus, Thessaly, Morea, part of Macedonia, &c. &c. By General GOIL-
LAUME DE VAUDENCOURT, late of the Italian Service.
Translated from the original inedited MS. by WM. WAL-
TON, Esq. London, Baldwin, 8vo. 1816. Pp. 502.*

GENERAL VAUDENCOURT, we are told, was, both from his military and political duties, led to an acquaintance with some of the countries noticed in the title to this work. In 1807 he directed the operations of the siege of St. Maura, the capital of one of the Ionian Islands, and also the defence of Prevesa, situated on the adjacent continent; and in the same year he was entrusted with a mission to the Beys of Erzegovina, the Pachas of Scutari and Berat, and to the Vizir Ali, Pacha of Ioannina. During these transactions, which seem to have terminated within that year, he resided either in the states of Ali Pacha, or at Corfu; and since this period has possessed abundant means of improving his knowledge in the affairs of those countries. These have, in part, consisted of official documents unpublished, descriptive of the situation, and intended to be conducive to the welfare of the people to whom they refer. The motive assigned for the labours of the writer is of a liberal character. "All classes of readers," he says, "must naturally be actuated by a wish to know and contemplate a people who, impelled by a combination of fortuitous events into the career of liberty and independence, now find themselves in the direction of a nation capable of guiding and securing their steps."

"May the perusal of his work," proceeds the author, "excite in the hearts of his readers the same interest he himself feels for the

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descendants of our masters in the arts and sciences, and may it awaken feelings of regard towards a country, where a wise, enlightened, and protecting government, will so easily find the means of combining its own personal advantages with the good of humanity, and the glory of founding and securing the prosperity of a people formed to appreciate so great a benefit." (p. 7.)

The course of events which the General found it convenient to follow, led him to a less regular arrangement than might otherwise have been eligible, and he therefore gives us a separate classification of his subject in these terms:—

" 1st, The general situation of Turkey in Europe, at the issue of the revolutions of the latter continent, together with the real advantages she ought to derive, with regard to her political existence, from the occupation of the Ionian Islands by Great Britain.

" 2d, The political state of the Ionian Islands under the Venetians; the influence of the vicissitudes they have experienced on the public mind of the Septinsulars; and the existing necessity they are under of obtaining an enlightened and protecting government, in order to direct and fix the course of their interior administration.

" 3d, The relations of the Ionian Islands with the continent of Greece; the advantages France and Russia thence derived during their possession of these islands, and the means of extending and improving these relations.

" 4th, The geographical and statistical description of the Seven Islands, and of the neighbouring continent of Greece, in conformity to ancient and modern geography. The present situation of the Epirus and South Albania, under the famous Ali Pacha; his history, and the manner in which he has formed his states; his political position, and views on the Ionian Islands.

" 5th, A description of the manners, habits, and customs of the Septinsulars, and of the inhabitants of the neighbouring continent of Greece. A sketch of the active and passive trade, and the land-communications of Corfu with European Turkey, together with their application, as well to the commerce now carried on, as that which might still be called forth.

" 6th, The military situation of Turkey in Europe, with a view to the projects of invasion by her neighbours; means of attack, and probabilities of defence." (p. 8—9.)

For nearly a century, the continuance of the Ottoman power in Europe has been more to be ascribed to the mutual jealousies of its imperial neighbours, than either to its own strength, or their weakness; yet other circumstances deserve attention. Catherine II. formed the plan of sending a squadron into the Mediterranean to occasion a general insurrection of the Greek dependencies; but she was deceived by her own corrupt agents, and the scheme was

abortive, as they plundered those they were sent to protect. Austria had attempted the same, and neglected no means of influencing the Greeks, who began to consider Joseph as their deliverer. During the first fifteen years of the French Revolution, the principal states of the continent were so deeply engaged with that grand movement, that they had neither time nor inclination to attend to the circumstances of Turkey: it is true, that the fall of the Venetian republic had placed Dalmatia at the disposal of Austria, and the Seven Islands under the control of France; but the latter was yet too much pressed by interior disorders and external foes, in her own immediate neighbourhood, to allow her to take advantage of such new acquisitions, so that they might become the basis of any rational enterprise on the shores of the Thracian Bosphorus. In this condition were affairs up to the year 1807, when the growing power of Napoleon found room for exercise in every direction, and he was already in collision with the Mahometan states.

“ After the peace of Tilsit, and more especially after that of Altenburg, France found herself in immediate contact with Turkey, from the confines of Croatia to the mouths of the Cattaro, and from Chimera as far as the Morea. This contact seemed adapted to change the nature of the preceding relations of the two empires. It did not, in fact, appear possible that France could have preserved in her vicinity the same interest for the preservation of the Ottoman empire, which she had when situated at a more remote distance. The successive aggrandizement of Napoleon's empire—the ever-increasing pressure he exercised from west to east, and which even his fatal war in Spain had never suspended—all seemed to announce that a new change in the political system of Europe was about to produce the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. Nevertheless, the conduct of Napoleon towards the Porte was uniformly dubious; whether it was that he had not yet fixed his determination on that point, or that the time had not yet arrived for putting his plans into execution. On the one hand, he appeared to abandon that country to the discretion of Russia; and in not insisting on the performance of an article in the treaty of Tilsit,* he seemed to consent to its depression or its destruction: on the other, he took care to ameliorate the land-communications of Turkey with Dalmatia and Croatia, and to open others. He converted the custom house of Kostaintza† into an

* By this article, it was stipulated that the Russian troops should evacuate Moldavia and Valachia.

† Kostaintza is a small village situated in an island of the river Unna, to the south of Sissek, and on the confines of Bosnia. It was formerly the entrepôt of the land-commerce between Turkey, Austria, and Germany, and a custom-house was established for the receipt of duties. The caravans from Constantinople, Salonica, Monastir, and Thessaly, came by the way

entrepôt of the first rank; he re-established the fairs of Sinigaglia; in a word, he appeared diligent to consolidate the commercial communications, in conformity to the frontiers at that time established, as well as in accord with the prosperity and integrity of the Ottoman empire. Nevertheless, he had not neglected any of the measures capable of giving him an exact knowledge of the country, of its resources, and means of defence. Numerous connexions had been formed in the provinces of Greece; the various consuls had received instructions, tending either to furnish the information wanted, or, in a secret manner, to work upon the public mind. Officers had been sent into the country under different pretexts, and all had brought back with them memoirs more or less important. The frequency of these missions had already begun to create inquietude in the suspicious character of the Turks. Ibrahim, Pacha of Scutari, on this subject observed to the author, 'Napoleon now sends one Frenchman after another; soon he will send ten, then one hundred, next a thousand, and afterwards a whole army.' (p. 42—44.)

In 1810, Napoleon had submitted to his attention a project for the invasion of Turkey, founded upon the facilities afforded by his possessions in the east of Europe, and more particularly the Ionian Islands; but, as far as may be collected from circumstances, the conquest of Turkey, although within the more remote purposes of his ambition, was not in the immediate contemplation of his mind. It is fortunate for Turkey that the islands, which might thus have accelerated the grand machine of French domination, in changing patrons, has devolved to the care of Great Britain. The author thus rationally examines the effect, had they been possessed by either of the two great imperial competitors.

"In the first place, the Greeks, divided among their new masters, and united to the ancient provinces of their dominions, would lose all hopes of ever forming a consistent nation, and would see their name entirely effaced from the catalogue of the states of Europe; for it must not be believed that either of the two intend to abandon the Greeks to themselves, or to give them their independence, after expelling the Mahometans. With regard to the rest of Europe, such a revolution could not fail to be disadvantageous, by concentrating the commerce of Turkey, at present scattered among all the maritime states, in the hands of two powers, who, through their own interests, would convert it into a species of monopoly. Russia, by acquiring the exclusive possession of the ports of the

of Scupi and Bosna-Serajo to this point, whence the commodities were conveyed to Fiume, Trieste, Laybach, and Vienna. Napoleon, in 1810, also made Kostainitza an entrepôt for the commerce carried on between Upper Italy and Turkey, and this trade soon became extremely flourishing.

Black Sea, and a free passage into the Mediterranean; Austria, by establishing herself in Albania and the Morea; would both become maritime powers, equally dangerous and injurious to the commerce of the other nations in these interior seas. The trade of the Levant would exclusively fall into their hands; and more especially Russia, by entering into direct communication with Syria and Egypt, might easily produce a sensible deviation in the commerce of the East Indies.

“ It has always been the interest of France, and at present it is more particularly so of England, that the commerce of the Levant should not fall into other hands than those of subjects of the Ottoman empire; and the integrity of this empire is one of the inseparable conditions. In the actual state of things, the aggrandisements of Russia and Austria render a protecting power infinitely more necessary to the Ottoman Porte. France, enfeebled, can no longer serve as a counterpoise in her favour on the Continent, where her government has lost all its influence. There is no one, then, but England who, by the preponderance of her naval forces in the Mediterranean, can preserve and guarantee Turkey from harm; and the occupation of the Ionian Islands gives her a still stronger means of attaining this object. In the first place, their geographical situation—embracing the southern parts of Greece, and placing them in contact with all the provinces which, properly speaking, may be called Greek—gives to the power under whose protection these islands may remain, an influence in these same provinces sufficient to stop the effects of all the intrigues and plans which the other continental powers might attempt there. Again, the permanent presence of the British forces on a point so nearly approached to the Ottoman empire, by rendering the bonds which already unite these two powers still stronger and more direct, gives a much greater degree of weight to the mediation of the first, and materially adds to the security of the second.” (p. 46—48.)

The Ionian Islands were among the last of the dependencies wrested from the tyranny of the Venetian republic, and during the whole time of this oppressive authority, their commercial relations with the adjacent continent were extremely limited, and from two causes. The most powerful was the monopoly sought of the trade of the Levant by the Venetians; the other was the enmity of the neighbouring continent to these Venetians, and which rendered the whole coast of Albania extremely dangerous for the caravans proceeding from the interior to Kerachia, Bucintro, and Gonsinitza, which places are directly opposite to Corfu. Albania, with Epirus, Thessaly, Livadia, the Morea, and part of Macedonia, are under the authority of Ali Pacha, who is at present the most powerful dependent of the Otto-

man empire. The provinces which compose his states are equal to one-third of that vast autocracy; and he is besides the titular chief of all the Sandgiaks, Pachalics, and Vizirships, of the highest distinction.

It is not before he commences the eleventh chapter, or until he has proceeded through a proportion of four fifths of his work, that the author comes to the more direct consideration of the principal subject; and it is full time that he should, in some orderly way, have enabled us to introduce his account of the insular commonwealth which is to be established under British protection.

"The islands constituting the Ionian republic, and holding a right to concur in the formation of the senate, are seven, viz. Corfu, the principal one, as well owing to its situation and strength, as because of its being the seat of government; Paxó, St. Maura, Thiaki, Cephalonia, Zante, and Cerigo."—"The town of Parga, situated on the main land, also belongs to the Ionian republic, as well as several other islands and rocks in great measure uninhabited, which will be briefly described in the course of the present chapter.

"Corfu, the chief of the Seven Islands—anciently called *Coreyra*, and which in all ages has been celebrated for its maritime strength—is situated between 39 deg. 50 min. and 39 deg. 20 min. of north latitude, and 17 deg. 30 min. and 17 deg. 18 min. east longitude, from the meridian of Paris. It nearly stretches from north-west to south-east, to a length of about thirty-five miles, opposite to the coast of Southern Albania, from which it is separated by a channel only two miles wide at Cape Karagol, and six miles at its issue, between Gomenitza and Point Lefchimo. The city of Corfu, whose population amounts to about 15,000 souls, and which in former times was also called *Coreyra*, is situated on a promontory projecting into the sea, and descends, in the form of an amphitheatre, on the northern slope of the same promontory, and at the foot the port opens."—"To the north of Corfu, and at the bottom of the great road formed by the promontory on which the town is situated and Cape Karagol, is a tolerably deep bay, with a narrow entrance, called Port Guvine. This road, which in 1799 contained the Russian and Turkish squadrons, and is capable of receiving and sheltering a considerable number of large ships, is also now fortified and defended in its internal extent, as well as at the entrance, by well-armed forts and batteries. No place in the Seven Islands is to be found so suitable as this for the establishment of a naval building-yard; indeed, for this purpose it seems peculiarly well adapted. The greatest part of the necessary materials can be easily brought there, and at a small expense."—

"Paxó, formerly *Paxus*, situated seven or eight miles to the south-east of Cape Bianco, is an island of about eighteen or twenty miles in circumference. Opposite to Parga is a tolerably deep bay,

which serves as a port to the small town of Paxó, containing about 4,000 inhabitants, and the only remarkable place in the whole island which only produces wine and oil, reputed to be the best of all Ionia."——

"St. Maura, anciently called *Leucadia*, and in more remote times *Nerytus*, is an island of about fifty miles in circumference, situated opposite to the point of Acarnania, from which it is separated by a narrow and shallow channel, and to the south of the mouth of the gulf of Arla. St. Maura on one side, and Paxó on the other, form the gulf of Prevesa."——"The fortress of St. Maura, formerly called *Leucas*, is to the north of the island, at the extremity of a very narrow slip of land, embracing the port, and separating it from the town, to which it is, nevertheless, again joined by an aqueduct in the form of a bridge. This fortress constitutes a good defence. The population of the town of St. Maura is estimated at 6,000 persons. The island on the land side can only be attacked through Playa, where the channel is only 300 toises wide, about 80 of which only are not fordable."——"The island of St. Maura is no other than a single mountain, extremely high, and not very fertile: the sides of this mountain, however, facing the sea, produce wine and olives, the only articles of growth the island affords."——

"Thiaki, formerly called *Ithaca*, is an island of about twenty miles in length, stretching from north-west to south-east, and situated at the distance of about six miles to the south-east of Cape Dukatis."——"The southern part, which is about five miles wide, finishes at another Cape St. John, opposite to the mouth of the Achelous. In this southern part is the village of Oxoi, situated on a mountain. In the northern part, on another mountain, is the village of Anoi, formerly *Neius*. These two portions of the island are separated by a bay five miles deep and two wide, and in the eastern part of the same bay are two ports. The one, called Skinon, is placed near the entrance; and the other, which is that of Vathy, has a narrow mouth, but is afterwards almost two miles deep. At the bottom of this port is the small town of Vathy, containing about 3,000 inhabitants, and occupying the ground of the ancient Ithaca, the capital as well as the residence of the wise Ulysses, Penelope, and Telemachus."——

"Cephalonia, anciently *Cephalenia*, the second in rank of the Seven Islands, is the first in point of size. It is 100 miles in circumference from cape to cape, and nearly 150 in following the direction of the coast. This island is situated four or five miles to the south of Cape Dukato, belonging to St. Maura, ten from Cape Papas, eight from Cape Tornese, and six from Zante."——"The church of Madonna di Malle, built on the Black Mountain (*Mavrovouno*), and formerly called *Cenus*, stands in the place of the temple of Jupiter *Cenus*. On the eastern and southern declivity of this mountain is a forest fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference; a few thickets are also found in the island near Dulinata, Kuvalata,

Aterra, Daugata, Paleochori, and the town of Cephalonia."—"The island of Cephalonia is not very abundant in wheat, though it produces more than the others; but it is fertile in good wines and excellent fruits, particularly melons of a very superior quality.

"Zante, formerly *Zacynthus*, is an island of about twelve miles in length, and thirty in circumference. Cape Skinari, situated to the north, is six miles south-east of the island of Cephalonia; and Cape Vassiliko is ten miles south-west of Cape Tornese. The city of Zante, anciently also called *Zacynthus*, and having a population of 16,000 souls, is built in a line along the eastern side of the island, a little to the south of Cape Krio-neró and the point of the Madonna di Skopo. The fort stands to the north-west of the town, at the extremity of a commanding hill. The port is, in fact, no other than a road, containing about three miles in the opening, and four in its whole external extent, but it is tolerably secure."—"In the centre of the island, on the only rivulet it contains, and which discharges itself into the sea near the city, is the village of Melinado. The plain, extending from Melinado and Zante as far as Lithakia, is tolerably well cultivated, but the remainder of the island is not so much so. The chief productions of the island are wine, olives, and fruits."—

"Cerigo, formerly called *Cythera*, the last of the Seven Ionian Islands, is situated five miles south of the island of Servi, and fourteen east-south-east of Cape Malio. It is seventeen miles long from north-west to south-east, ten miles wide, and about forty-five in circumference. The most northern point is Cape Spati, formerly called *Platanistus*, and on its extremity stands a chapel. To the south-west, opposite to another point, is a rock known by the name of the island of *Platanos*."—"The fort is to the south-west on the sea-shore, and at the mouth of a torrent. Four miles north of Kapsali, and near the sources of the above torrent, is the village of Potamos, formerly *Scondeæ*. Between this village and Kapsali we discover the ruins of the temple of Venus Cytherea."—"The island of Cerigo is barren, and little cultivated, and consequently is in want of wood, as well as all kinds of provisions."—

"In conformity to the returns presented to the French governor-general in 1807, the total population of the Septinsular republic at that period amounted to a little more than 200,000 souls, distributed in the following proportions:—Corfu, 60,000; Cephalonia, 60,000; Zante, 40,000; St. Maura, 20,000; Cerigo, 10,000; Thiaki, 8,000; and Paxó, 8,000. From the above period no emigrations have taken place from the continent, which might have added to the population of these islands." (p. 384—408.)

In the twelfth chapter, we have some account of the manners and character of the Ionians, which are said to be a mixture of the Greek and Italian.

" The long residence of the Venetians in these islands, and the unceasing efforts of their government to destroy all spirit of nationality among the inhabitants, must necessarily have produced a wide and deep impression. The Italian, or rather the Venetian language, having become that of all the public acts, as well as of the bar and pulpit, was also soon adopted in private societies. The Venetian manners, brought there by the pro-consuls as well as their subaltern agents, and which it became requisite for the natives to adopt, were soon rendered habitual to those who were in direct intercourse with these little despots, and became general through a spirit of flattery or imitation among those who formed part of the most distinguished class, or who sought to associate with them. It was particularly in the towns where this denationalization—if I may be allowed the term—was rendered the more complete. This may be pictured in a word by saying, that the towns of Ionia are known to any one who has inhabited Venice, or any other town of the Venetian continent. In the country the Grecian manners have been much better preserved, and, with the exception of some slight modifications, are nearly similar to those we have described among the Greek inhabitants of the neighbouring continent.

" The same may also be said of dress and usages. In the towns, and even in the country, the persons who aspire at any consideration have entirely adopted the European dress, as well as all the customs of continental society. In their houses we find the same style of furniture used in Venice; the people have been in the same habits of having their assemblies and casini; in short, nothing to be seen among them recalls to one's mind that they are Greeks, unless it is that they use this language to speak to their servants, or to the country-people with whom they may have business. They have retained nothing of their ancestors but their passion for shows and exhibition, by which the Venetians were equally distinguished." (p. 409—411.)

The military force which has been employed in the islands has lately occasioned some observations in this country, and it composes an expensive part of our establishment. Ministers have now an opportunity of reducing it, by the employment of the native troops for the defence of their own soil under a proper organization of the people; and we hope it will not be neglected, both on account of the economy of such a proceeding, as well as the adherence to our old and salutary maxims as to the danger of standing armies. We trust, that the design of our government is not to engage these islanders, as France and Russia have done, in their own wars, for the purposes of conquest; but merely to extend a liberal protection towards them, for their own happiness, and to remunerate ourselves (as we fitly may do) for the moderate expense they may occasion under a wise sys-

tem. The commercial regulations are not to be dictated in the spirit of avarice and monopoly by which the Venetians were actuated, but in the spirit of justice and generosity which contemplates the reciprocal benefit of every contracting party, and which is alone worthy the name of the protection conceded by a virtuous and free nation. The protection assumed by Venice over her unhappy colonies was a perversion of the term: it was stultifying all rational meaning; it was the protection of her Lion, that he might reserve his prey for the exclusive gratification of his own ferocious appetite. Our author properly complains, that, in respect to the native army, the solemn treaties with the Ionians have been shamelessly disregarded; that they have never had a national force worthy the name; that their defence has been committed to the Greek fugitives of the continent, the Chimariots, and the Acarnanians; and that their native soldiery have been engaged in remote enterprises, in the success of which the islanders had no concern. He says most judiciously, "one of the most efficacious means of raising the national spirit of the Ionian islands, and of really converting them into an independent, and simply protected state,—such, in short, as ought to have been the result of solemn treaties,—would have been, to create a military force there, wearing the uniform, and following the banners, of their country;" and he adds, what might reconcile it even to the most selfish—"This measure, most assuredly, would never have exposed the protecting power to danger; these troops would have served the latter equally as well as in their own country; in like manner as the national army of Italy co-operated in the cause of France."

The author, in his concluding chapter, discusses the respective interests of Russia and Austria with regard to Turkey, partly to shew how far the possession of the Ionian Islands might enable us to interfere with the ambitious projects of either; but we do hope, whatever might be the views of a general in the Italian service,

"Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,"

that this government has no design to interpose in such remote matters. If the connexion we now have with these settlements were to involve us in the disputes that may, and must arise, between these three great empires, every maxim of sound policy, every principle of vulgar discretion, must induce us to withdraw from all such dangerous situations.

It would be folly, it would be madness, it would be atrocity, to disturb this peaceful and commercial country by distant wars, for distant and foreign interests, which would be converted by the people into a crusade for the Greek, the Catholic, or the Mahometan faith; while those who directed the storm would be indifferent to all religions, and seek only the indulgence of their unchristian pride and immeasurable ambition.

Circumstances were not within the knowledge of the author, so as to enable him to state the rise and progress of the connexion of the English with these islands, and it may, therefore, be convenient if we devote a few lines to this part of the subject, in order to give that relation of the work to British interests which was the principal motive in selecting it for our review. As soon as this government had directed its attention towards Malta, a system of Mediterranean policy was adopted, which made it look with a vigilant, if not a jealous eye, to all the movements in that quarter. The islands had been in the possession of the Venetians upwards of 300 years, when the torrent of French conquest, which had swept over Italy, by the treaty of Campo Formio assigned these possessions to that power, with all the other colonial dependencies of the Venetian republic. It will be recollected, that Great Britain and Austria were then alone in the war, and that this treaty detached the latter from the cause. In 1801, the year prior to the peace of Amiens, and in the same month in which that peace was concluded (March) a settled form of government was established, to which Russia and the Porte were guarantees for the preservation of the republic of the Seven Islands as a distinct state, but with the agreement, to gratify the pride of the latter, that a certain tribute should be paid to the Sultan. It is well known, that the treaty of Amiens, which left, as the magnificent boundaries of the French empire, the mouths of the Scheldt and the Rhine, with the mountains of Jura and the Alps, comprehended an article which ostensibly provided for the integrity of this new republic.

It was easy to foresee how little such a stipulation would be regarded should Buonaparte be in a situation to follow up his projects, and what was the progressive condition of affairs? In the same year of these favourable appearances of independence to the islands, by an arrêt of the First Consul, the King of Sardinia was stript of the rest of his domains in Italy, and a senatus consultum united Piedmont

to France. Parma and Placenza were joined to her in like manner, on the death of the young Duke; and this accession was justified under an alleged secret treaty with the court of Madrid. The Consul having thus stretched the power of France across the Alps, in the spring of the following year (1803) occupied Hanover, and then caused himself to be declared Emperor of France, and in 1804 King of Italy. The Ionians had little security to expect from guarantees, when the Cisalpine republic was thus rudely dissolved in defiance of the solemn engagements at Luneville. In 1805 Genoa and Lucca were superadded to France; and Austria feeling the pressure of a new enemy on her own immediate frontiers, refused to acknowledge Bonaparte as King of Italy, when a short war was the consequence, which, in the same year, terminated with the peace of Presburg. It then appeared as if these islands were devoted to perpetual bondage; for by that treaty the fate of the Adriatic seemed to be determined, and under its disgraceful conditions, not only the possessions of Francis in Swabia and the Tyrol were lost, but Venice and Venetian Dalmatia, with all their dependencies, were formally alienated to the conqueror. As if to shut out all hope for these islanders, in the autumn of 1806, Joseph Bonaparte was raised to the throne of Naples; and the consequence of such a situation, as auxiliary to the designs of Napoleon, has been forcibly and beautifully expressed—"Cette couronne, ce cercle radieux, dont Bonaparte semblait vouloir ceindre le front de ses freres ou de ses alliés, n'était que le dernier anneau d'une chaîne, d'ont il tenait l'autre bout, & qu'il pouvait reserrer à volonté."*

Although Napoleon was in 1807 occupied in the North with the war which was concluded with the peace of Tilsit, he did not neglect his purposes in the South, with which the Septinsular republic was connected; and, in 1808, having annexed the Papal territories to his dominions, in 1809 the war with Austria was concluded by the treaty of Schoenbrunn, when the Illyrian provinces were finally annexed to France. It was not until 1810, in this annual survey, that we are enabled to introduce ourselves as principal actors on this interesting scene; then it was that an expedition, under General Oswald, left Sicily, and took possession of all the islands (Corfu and Paxó excepted) which were under the command of the French general,

* *Système Continental, & sur les Rapports avec la Suede.*

Denzelot; the other five assuming the title of "The Liberated Ionian Isles." When General Airey succeeded General Campbell in the military government in 1813, the commerce of the islands had increased in some degree the revenues; and this public income, we are told, had been faithfully devoted to the internal improvement of the country. The police of the towns, it is also said, had been amended, assassinations were not frequent, and the moral habits of the people were ameliorated. So much we mention with pleasure, to the credit of British authority; and we hope it will have inspired that confidence which will neither be abused or disappointed.

The immediate effect of the dethronement of Napoleon in 1814, was the surrender of the possessions alienated by France under the treaty of Paris of that year, and with them whatever remained to her in the Ionian Islands; but it was not until November in the following, that any definitive arrangement was made with regard to them; and on the 5th of that month a treaty was entered into between Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in which it is solemnly stipulated, That they shall form a free and independent state, under the denomination of "The Independent States of the Ionian Islands;" that these states shall be under the immediate and exclusive protection of Great Britain; that an officer, to be called the Lord High Commissioner of the protecting power, shall regulate the forms of convocation of a Legislative Assembly, of which he shall direct the proceedings, in order to draw up a new constitutional charter for the states; that a particular convention with the government of the states shall arrange every thing which may relate to the maintenance of the fortresses, to the subsistence and payment of the British garrisons, and to the number of men of which they shall be composed in time of peace; that the trading flag of the states shall be acknowledged by all the contracting parties as the flag of a free and independent government; and that the commerce between Austria and the states shall possess the same advantages as that between the states and Great Britain.

Such are the conditions on which our connexion with these islands is to be founded, and by which their independence is to be secured,—the military expenses accruing to ourselves being discharged from the revenues of the states, and our advantages with regard to trading facilities and privileges being co-equal with those of Austria,

although she in no respect partakes of the duty of protection. To prepare the constitutional charter is, we are told, the immediate purpose, and we may say the only one, if we are correctly informed, for which General Maitland is now here; but we doubt if, with this limited object in view, he is not transgressing the bounds assigned, for as we read the treaty, the British commissioner is only to regulate the forms of convoking a legislative assembly, and the assembly so convened, is itself to draw up the constitutional charter for the states. Whatever may be the politics or practice of France, or of the Netherlands, we believe that the King of England assumes no right of dictating a constitution to his own subjects, much less would it be pretended, that where he is in the relation of protector, and paid for that protection, he should arrogate to himself any such authority.

As both the translator and the author of this work have observed upon the benefits the islanders are likely to derive from British protection, we may be allowed to say a few words on the salutary exercise of the power with which this government is invested, and from which it cannot deviate without violating the sacred obligation towards this defenceless people which it has voluntarily undertaken to discharge.

There are some principles of political philosophy which we hold to be perfectly settled with all those who have attended to the subject.

Civil liberty is the right of a state to govern itself by its own discretion, or by laws of its own forming, without being subject to any extraneous power.

A government by laws is not a free government, unless such laws are enacted by common consent.

It will be immediately perceived, that the connexion subsisting between the eastern and western dependencies of this great empire is not regulated by such incontrovertible and acknowledged principles of free government; and it may be true, both in morals and in physics, that when the body politic or natural has long taken an improper direction, the trunk must not by main strength be suddenly forced into the position it should have originally assumed, lest that be broken and destroyed which it is designed to cherish and preserve. We avail ourselves of this comparison, not to justify the early neglect by which this vicious growth was permitted, but to shew that changes may not be so hastily made, or revolutions so rapidly concocted, as the impetuous rage of our modern reformers would require.

The Ionian Islands are not our colonies, and with them we are in a new situation; and, in the first place, they have not sought our protection, and were no parties to the arrangement between the contracting states that presumed to concede to us this authority.

Secondly, we should observe, that it is absolutely necessary that authority so acquired should be confirmed by the people over which it is extended.

Thirdly, the instrument that arrogates this authority declares the states to be free and independent, and therefore the authority, however exercised, must in no way interfere with the fundamental principle of the relation, their freedom and independence.

To the bases of public liberty we before stated, we might have added another axiom, viz.

No one community can have any rightful power over the property or legislation of another community that is not incorporated with it by a just and adequate representation.

This canon of political government immediately bears on the question before us. It may be said hereafter, but certainly not at present, that the Adriatic islanders have offered to the British islanders a power that disposes of this maxim of social institution. The short answer to such an allegation would be, that the principle is the root of liberty, and liberty, root and branch, is inalienable. Liberty is not only indigenous in every country, but is inseparable from it; its incorporation with all social concerns, resembles that sublime process of nature by which vegetation becomes progressively the soil on which it feeds, and to extirpate it is as impossible as to annihilate a particle or an atom to which existence has been given by the Almighty Creator.

The principal inquiry then is; are there not causes by which one state may acquire a rightful authority over another, although not supported by an adequate representation? In common honesty we must say, there are none, that neither conquest, compact, or obligations conferred, can in any case give it; and if the connexion with the Ionian Republic do not nearly resemble that of an alliance between co-equal states (an equitable compensation being allowed for the protection afforded) the subsisting relation will be an infraction of the independence we acknowledge, a violation of the solemn engagement into which we have entered, and an aggression on the inalienable rights and privileges of a sovereign and a free people!

ART. II.—*Speeches of the late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan, several corrected by himself, edited by a Constitutional Friend.* London, Martin, 3 vols. 8vo. 1816.

IT has become a modern expedient, in imitation of the practice of the ancients, to collate the speeches of distinguished British orators, and by such means, the most important materials of history are supplied, the most luminous views of state affairs are presented, the best exercise of the human understanding is displayed, and not only the record of sentiments the most profound, and the expression of emotions the most powerful are preserved; but even the momentary ebullitions of wit, and the transient effusions of genius, are fixed and secured for the honour of him who is endowed with such high qualities, and for the gratification of those who can enjoy what they cannot create.

It would be easy to shew, that to Isæus, Lysias, Cicero, and others whose harangues have equally escaped the slow decay of time, and the hasty demolition of barbarian violence, we are indebted for a large portion of our knowledge of the habits and customs of early communities, of the principles of their government, of the character of their laws, and of the maxims of their policy, in matters on which we could obtain no accurate information from any contemporary historian; and the subjects of the British statesman are as various as are the multiplied hopes, wishes, and enjoyments of a cultivated people. The blunted sensibility of the annalist in narrating the tardy progress of events, can never elicit those sparks which are ignited into flame by the active collision of the passions of the orator, and by this radiant light, the philosopher and the moralist can discern causes and effects touching the subversion of nations and the revolution of empires, which would otherwise have never been discovered.

But there is a facility now possessed that improves our confidence in the correctness of these orations, which to antiquity was wholly unknown, and which, we believe, is not practised, even at this day, in any language but the English:—we allude to a technical art, of easy attainment, which rivals the velocity of speech, if not the rapidity of thought. When Demosthenes was pouring forth the torrent of his eloquence, and Tully was displaying the fertility and exuberance of his imagination, could some secret hand

have depicted the impetuous storm in all its native force, and collected the scattered flowers in all their beauty and freshness, what would have been the admiration and delight of future ages!

If British eloquence be in these times the bold competitor of Greek and Roman fame, it is because it is raised to the elevation on which it reposes by the strongest impulses with which the heart of man is influenced, and these are, the deep interests our situation involves, and the high feelings our liberty inspires; with the effect the talents of a single individual produces on the happiness of the myriads that are dependent on this mighty empire.

Of the three volumes intended to be published, only two have yet appeared, and these are confined to the interval between November, 1780, and April, 1792,—a period less than twelve years; but if the duration were measured politically, and not astronomically—by the importance of the events, and not by the revolutions of the heavens—it would be greatly extended. The successive ministers at this time were Lord North, the Marquis of Rockingham, Earl Shelburne, the Duke of Portland, and the Hon. Wm. Pitt: the first was removed on the change of policy as to the American war, in 1782; the second by death, the same year; the third, in the following, by the coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox; and the Duke of Portland shortly afterwards, by the India Bill. The long continuance of Mr. Pitt in office afforded ample opportunities to Mr. Sheridan to employ those masculine powers of reasoning, and that brilliancy of wit, for which he was so eminently distinguished. The great occasion on which his extraordinary talents were exhibited, did not occur until seven years after his first election for Stafford, although he had before embraced frequent opportunities in Parliament of shewing the acuteness of his judgment, and the refinement of his taste. On the 7th February, 1787, the House resolved itself into a committee on the fourth charge against Mr. Hastings, which related to the resumption of the Jaghires, and the confiscation of the treasures of the Princesses of Oude. On the ground of this charge, Mr. Sheridan rose to move, “that Warren Hastings be impeached.” In support of his motion, he commented largely on the evidence which had been given by Sir Elijah Impey, and read an extract from a letter of the Begum, the princess chiefly concerned, addressed to Mr. Hastings in December, 1775, in which she says—

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" If it is *your pleasure* that the mother of the late Nabob, myself, and his other women, and infant children, should be reduced to a state of dishonour and distress, we *must submit* ; but if, on the contrary, you call to mind the friendship of the late blessed Nabob, you will exert yourself effectually in favour of us, who are helpless." And again, " If you do not approve of my remaining at Fyzabad, send a person here, in your name, to remove the mother of the late Nabob, myself, and about two thousand other women and children, that we may reside with honour and reputation in some other place." (Vol. I. p. 281.)

Mr. Sheridan, in the sequel, proceeds in a vein of the keenest satire.

" It was curious to reflect on the whole of Sir Elijah's circuit at that perilous time. Sir Elijah had stated his desire of relaxing from the fatigues of office, and unbending his mind in a party of health and pleasure; yet wisely apprehending that very sudden relaxation might defeat its object, he had contrived to mix some matters of business to be interspersed with his amusements: he had, therefore, in his little airing of nine hundred miles—great part of which he went post, escorted by an army—selected those very situations where insurrection subsisted, and rebellion was threatened; and had not only delivered his deep and curious researches into the laws and rights of nations and of treaties, in the capacity of the Oriental Grofius, whom Warren Hastings was to study, but likewise in the humbler and more practical situation of a collector of *ex parte* evidence. In the former quality, his opinion was the premature sanction for plundering the Begums; in the latter character, he became the posthumous supporter of the expulsion and pillage of the Rajah Cheit Sing. Acting on an unproved fact—on a position as a datum of the Duke of Richmond's fabrication—he had not hesitated, in the first instance, to lend his authority as a license for unlimited persecution; in the latter, he did not disdain to scud about India, like an itinerant informer, with a pedlar's pack of garbled evidence and surreptitious affidavits. What pure friendship! what a voucher of unequivocal attachment from a British judge to such a character as Warren Hastings! With a generous oblivion of duty and of honour—with a proud sense of having authorized all future rapacity, and sanctioned all past oppression—this friendly judge proceeded on his circuit of health and ease; and whilst the Governor-general, sanctioned by this solemn opinion, issued his orders to plunder the Begums of their treasure, Sir Elijah pursued his progress; and passing through a wide region of distress and misery, explored a country that presented a speaking picture of hunger and of nakedness, in quest of objects best suited to his feelings—in anxious search of calamities most kindred to his invalid imagination.

" Thus, whilst the executive power in India was perverted to the most disgraceful inhumanities, the judicial authority also became

its close and confidential associate; at the same moment that the sword of government was turned to an assassin's dagger, the pure ermine of justice was stained and foiled with the basest and meanest contamination. Under such circumstances did Mr. Hastings complete the treaty of Chunar: a treaty which might challenge all the treaties that ever subsisted, for containing in the smallest compass the most extensive treachery. Mr. Hastings did not conclude that treaty till he had received from the Nabob a present, or rather a bribe, of 100,000*l.* (p. 284—285.)

The orator next entered into the object of this bribe, and the complicated infamy of the transaction, and then resumed as follows:—

“ He recollected to have heard it advanced by some of those admirers of Mr. Hastings, who were not so implicit as to give unqualified applause to his crimes, that they found an apology for the atrocity of them in the greatness of his mind. To estimate the solidity of such a defence, it would be sufficient merely to consider in what consisted this prepossessing distinction, this captivating characteristic of greatness of mind. Is it not solely to be traced in great actions directed to great ends? In them, and them alone, we are to search for true estimable magnanimity. To them only can we justly affix the splendid title and honours of real greatness. There was indeed another species of greatness, which displayed itself in boldly conceiving a bad measure, and undauntedly pursuing it to its accomplishment. But had Mr. Hastings the merit of exhibiting either of these descriptions of greatness;—even of the latter? He saw nothing great—nothing magnanimous—nothing open—nothing direct in his measures, or in his mind;—on the contrary, he had too often pursued the worst objects by the worst means. His course was an eternal deviation from rectitude. He either tyrannized or deceived; and was by turns a Dyonisius and a Scapin. As well might the writhing obliquity of the serpent be compared to the swift directness of the arrow, as the duplicity of Mr. Hastings's ambition to the simple steadiness of genuine magnanimity. In his mind all was shuffling, ambiguous, dark, insidious, and little; nothing simple, nothing unmixed: all affected plainness, and actual dissimulation—a heterogeneous mass of contradictory qualities; with nothing great but his crimes; and even those contrasted by the littleness of his motives, which at once denoted both his baseness and his meanness, and marked him for a traitor and a trickster. Nay, in his style and writing, there was the same mixture of vicious contrarieties—the most groveling ideas were conveyed in the most inflated language, giving mock consequence to low cavils, and uttering quibbles in heroics; so that his compositions disgusted the mind's taste, as much as his actions excited the soul's abhorrence. Indeed this mixture of character seemed, by some unaccountable but inherent quality, to be appropriated, though in inferior degrees, to every thing that concerned his employers. He remembered to have

heard an honourable and learned gentleman (Mr. Dundas) remark, that there was something in the first frame and constitution of the company, which extended the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations, connecting with their civil policy, and even with their boldest achievements, the meanness of a pedlar, and the profligacy of pirates. Alike in the political and the military line could be observed *auctioneering ambassadors* and *trading generals*; and thus we saw a revolution brought about by *affidavits*; an army employed in *executing an arrest*; a town besieged on a *note of hand*; a prince dethroned for the *balance of an account*. Thus it was they exhibited a government, which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre, and the little *traffic of a merchant's counting-house*, wielding a truncheon with one hand, and *picking a pocket with the other*. Mr. Sheridan now went into a long statement to shew the various irrefragable proofs exhibited in the minutes of the Bengal council, of the falsity of the charge, viz. That the Begums were the ancient disturbers of the government. And equally to prove, that the second charge also, (namely, that the Begums had incited the Jaghiredars to resist the Nabob) was no less untrue, it being substantiated in evidence that not one of the Jaghiredars *did* resist.

"Mr. Sheridan maintained, that it was incontrovertible that the Begums were not concerned either in the rebellion of Bulbudder, or the insurrection at Benares; nor did Mr. Hastings ever once *seriously* believe them guilty. Their *treasures* were their *treasons*, and Asoph ul Dowlah thought like an unwise prince, when he blamed his father for leaving him so little wealth. His father, Shulah ul Dowla, acted wisely in leaving his son with no temptation about him, to invite acts of violence from the rapacious. He clothed him with poverty as with a shield, and armed him with necessity as with a sword." (p. 287—289.)

He concluded this memorable speech with the following powerful appeal to the feelings of the House :—

"Mr. Sheridan remarked, that he heard of factions and parties in that House, and knew they existed. There was scarcely a subject upon which they were not broken and divided into sects. The prerogative of the crown found its advocates among the representatives of the people. The privileges of the people found opponents even in the House of Commons itself. Habits, connexions, parties, all led to diversity of opinion. But when inhumanity presented itself to their observations, it found no division among them; they attacked it as their common enemy; and, as if the character of this land was involved in their zeal for its ruin, they left it not till it was completely overthrown. It was not given to that House, to behold the objects of their compassion and benevolence in the present extensive consideration, as it was to the officers who relieved, and who so feelingly described the extatic emotions of gratitude in the

instant of deliverance. They could not behold the workings of the heart, the quivering lips, the trickling tears, the loud and yet tremulous joys of the millions whom their vote of this night would for ever save from the cruelty of corrupted power. But though they could not directly see the effect, was not the true enjoyment of their benevolence increased by the blessing being conferred unseen? Would not the omnipotence of Britain be demonstrated to the wonder of nations, by stretching its mighty arm across the deep, and saving by its *fiat* distant millions from destruction? And would the blessings of the people thus saved dissipate in empty air? No! if I may dare to use the figure—we shall constitute Heaven itself our proxy, to receive for us the blessings of their pious gratitude, and the prayers of their thanksgiving." (p. 295—296.)

No man was more elegant and at the same time more forcible in the style of his eulogy. On the discussion of the question of the Regency in 1789, the ministry had endeavoured to represent the danger to which the country must have been reduced by the councils that would have been appointed by the Prince of Wales. The orator on this occasion justified his own connexions, and among these Mr. Fox.

"He could not advert to his right honourable friend without declaring it was the characteristic distinction of his heart to compel the most submissive devotion of mind and affection from all those who came under the observation of it, and force them, by the most powerful and amiable of all influence, to become the inseparable associates of his fortune. With respect to his talents, he would not speak of them; they would derive no support from any man's attestation, nor the most flattering panegyric of the most enlightened of his friends. Thus much he would only observe with regard to the abilities of his honourable friend, that it was the utmost effort of any other man's talents, and the best proof of their existence, that he was able to understand the extent, and comprehend the superiority of them." (Vol. II. p. 147—148.)

We will decline making any further quotations, and merely refer to the self-vindication which occurs in the same volume, pp. 255, 257, shewing the dexterity with which Mr. Sheridan could conduct himself in the most delicate and most difficult situations, when he was suspected by some of his nearest friends, and when he was, in the most malignant spirit, charged with pretending to situations "far beyond his natural weight in the community."

The style of the eloquence of Mr. Sheridan was not of that florid character which is so peculiar to his countrymen: it is without gaudiness, rich, and without rankness, luxu-

riant. We have here no frigid exclamations, no tinsel splendour, no vacant foppery. Those who have had the happiness to hear him, will recollect the simplicity with which he commenced his speeches, when he was ever more solicitous about the thought than the expression "*Habeat ille,*" says Cicero, "*et quod indicet ingratham negligentiam hominis, de re, magis quam de verbo laborantis.*" But when he was warmed with his subject, no speaker was more vehement than Mr. Sheridan. Some concise specimens of this ardent, glowing, and embellished manner we have given in our extracts from the oration on Indian affairs, when the business before the Commons was postponed professedly on account of that irresistible impression his transcendent abilities produced on the members, which precluded all sober judgment. As nothing merits the name of beauty or eloquence which is not adapted to the occasion, so in his speeches we have no compulsory and unseasonable ornament, no poetic figures where we should have prosaic arguments, and no purpose of business or duty is surrendered for the gratification of vanity, that fools and children might applaud, where the wise and the mature would condemn. Mr. Sheridan had a clear conception of the object he pursued, and he ever kept it steadily in view. If he gathered the gayest flowers, they were always those that were within his reach; and if he selected his path through an exuberant garden, it was because he had the promptitude to discover the pleasantest road, and he never failed to make his hearers the companions of his enjoyment. Should we be required to say, in a word, what were the comparative merits of three distinguished orators of our time (we exclude Edmund Burke, who was perhaps the greatest, but certainly not the best man of the four), we would assert, that in matter Pitt was the most precise, Fox the most judicious, and Sheridan the most witty: in manner, the first was the most stately, the second the most careless, and the third the most appropriate. Sheridan had a graceful person, a penetrating eye, a sonorous voice, and all the physical requisites of an accomplished orator, but he was deficient in some of the moral: how far these last might be necessary to the perfection of the portrait, it is not our present design to inquire.

ART. III.—*Bertram; a poetical Tale, in four Cantos.* By Sir EGERTON BRYDGES, K. J.—M. P. London, for Longman and Co. 12mo. Pp. 77. 1816.

THIS is not the only original production of Sir Egerton Brydges, who, however, is principally known to the public as an eminent bibliographer, as the conductor of several well-known periodical works connected with his pursuit, and as the proprietor of a private press at Lee Priory, employed in the laudable endeavour, by reprints, to revive a taste for the productions of our earlier English poets; by its labours many forgotten works have been restored to their just rank in the republic of letters.

From this press the poem before us originally proceeded; and though the re-publication of old authors is generally there limited to from 60 to 100 copies, yet its author reserved to himself the right of giving *Bertram* to the world in a cheaper form should it appear adapted to the general taste. It is not a little to be wished that this favour had been extended to the sterling works of our ancient writers, of which only so small a number of re-prints have been struck off at Lee Priory, since by such means the object of the owner of that establishment would have been more generally accomplished; for the few copies printed only circulate as dear-bought specimens among collectors, who place them within their bookcases in bindings too costly for use; and though they are thus preserved from destruction by the worms, yet, like bodies embalmed, if they keep their original shape and appearance, they are inapplicable to any advantageous purpose. Russia leather and hot-pressed drawing-paper, are most destructive opponents of the enlarged interests of literature. But we are now engaged with Sir Egerton Brydges as an author, and not as a printer.

In the dedication "to the Muse whose light has guided him through darkness, sorrow, detraction, and neglect," Sir E. Brydges thinks it necessary to introduce a sort of apology for dealing in the vanities of verse at the age of 53, observing, that the study of poetry "is an employment as little unworthy of age as of youth."—Surely if there be any foundation for the homage paid to this divine art by the wise and good in all ages and climes, such an apology was not required, and the insertion of it implies a doubt that none have a right to indulge. One of the favourite writers of Sir Egerton, and of ourselves too, well says of poesie,

"Vertue, in all things else at best, she betters;
 Honour she heightens, and gives life in death;
 She is the ornament and soule of letters:
 The world's deceit before her vanisheth."*

Some sonnets and other short poems by Sir E. Brydges were first printed in 1785, and they have since gone through several editions, the last we believe in 1807; and during the thirty-one years between 1785 and 1816, he modestly observes, that he has never attempted to build his poetical fame on the slight reception they obtained: in launching this new and small bark among the contending fluctuations of public opinion, he remarks, "But there is a slight to which almost every one is exposed in encountering the rude eye of the public, too dangerous to the health and courage of a very sensitive mind. I yielded to the death-like palsies of the cold and freezing air around me; and though the poetical feeling never left me, I only vented it in short effusions, which required neither time nor effort. In prose fictions, of which particular occasions drew me into the composition, emotions sometimes required to be described, which it was easier to convey through the medium of poetry. Thus, if by no other means, was the practice of this art kept alive in me."

Bertram, the hero of the poem before us, in consequence of the death of both his parents, had become an orphan at an early age, and before he reached manhood, he was obliged to sell his patrimonial property, more from mismanagement than from dissipation and extravagance. Thus circumstanced, he determined to seek anew his fortune in the profession of arms; but before we accompany him to the field, we will subjoin the sketches of his person and character.

"Shap'd in a mould of noblest symmetry,
 Where grace with vigorous strength appears to vie;
 His melancholy visage, pale with thought,
 Is with the flame of soaring genius fraught.**
 Reserv'd, unused to jest, unfit to bend,
 He knew not to relax but with a friend.
 He lov'd distinction; it was in his breast
 The hell that ne'er allow'd a moment's rest.
 When with the crown of manlier years array'd,
 He sigh'd that time no speedier progress made:

* Chapman's Sonnet to Lord Walden, annexed to the translation of the *Iliad*.

He long'd to lead the senate or the field,
The sword of war or of the tongue to wield:
But most within imagination's reign
He burn'd to fix an undenied domain."

Surrounded by his companions in arms, the gloominess and haughtiness of the mind of Fitz-John (for by that name Bertram is now known), prevented the approach of all friends but one, named Norville, who was of a very opposite disposition.

"————— less perchance of fire
Than suited Bertram did his breast inspire;
For he was of a calmer, softer kind
Slow in his mien, and patient in his mind;
Fix'd to his word, and faithful to his trust,
Clear in his thoughts, and in his actions just.

"Oft did th' impetuous bursts of Bertram's soul
Yield to the force of Norville's mild controul;
And oft amid the carnage of the day,
He 'scap'd rash death by his persuasive sway.

"There seem'd o'er Norville's bosom to preside
Some ruling subject, which he strove to hide:
Some fond and pensive thoughts he fed apart
Within the inmost foldings of his heart.
If love it was that o'er that gentle breast
Had such an undivided reign possess—

"If in the temple of that tender mind
Some fair maid's form for worship was enshrin'd,
Not e'en to Bertram was the secret sigh'd;
He only guess'd that Norville deified
Some abstract form of female loveliness,
And in her own creation plac'd his bliss."

Bertram being wounded in a battle unperceived by his friend, is taken prisoner by the enemy. Norville, however, in the uncertainty of his fate, laments his death, and retiring from the tumult of the camp, pursues his suit to Lucasta, who, it appears, was "the fair maid's form" which "for worship was enshrined" in his breast. He is successful; but they had not long been united, when Norville is summoned to the field, and is accompanied by his bride to "soothe his pillow on the tented plain." Norville now learns that the friend whom he so sincerely loved is not dead, but in captivity, and for an attempt to escape, had

been immured in a dungeon, though the severity of his confinement had been mitigated at the intercession of the daughter of the gaoler. Norville makes many fruitless attempts to obtain the release of Bertram, when Lucasta, whose admiration for him, from the relation of her husband, had been excited to the highest, offers to attempt his liberation. Norville reluctantly consents, recollecting that a woman could obtain admission into the fortress unsuspected.

To render this incident probable, considerable skill is required, and we must do the author the justice to admit that he has not been unsuccessful. At the opening of the third Canto, we find that Lucasta and Fitz-John (Bertram) have escaped from the fortress: the fear of pursuit, the fatigue she had already undergone, and the difficulties of the way, have so overcome the strength of Lucasta, that she is unable to continue the flight; she sinks exhausted upon the ground, and a storm of rain and thunder coming on,

“ Fitz-John was hopeless—when he thought a gleam,
As if from some lone cot, appeared to stream:
He watch'd—again it gleamed, and then was lost;
And thus, in fear and joy alternate tost,
Afraid to leave his charge, his weary eye
Looked 'till his wandering senses star'd on vacancy!
Once more it gleamed, and with a ray more bright;
He rose, and ran to bless that hallow'd light!
The hind was there, and welcome entrance gave;
Then quick he ran his dying charge to save.

Norville, alarmed at the long absence of his wife, and the danger to which she would be exposed, had left his comrades; and having travelled many days, he became worn-out by anxiety and fatigue; his troubled mind had suggested doubts of Lucasta's constancy, which were increased by a dream; and jealousy, therefore, supplied him with strength out of his weakness to continue his search. In the meantime, Lucasta, after a feeble attempt to proceed upon her journey, had returned to the cottage, where, resting on a rude couch before the cottage-fire, she had fallen asleep; Bertram, who had been checked by her, when on their weary way he had ventured to express his admiration of her person and her virtues, now, whilst watching over her slumbers, was under no restraint.

“ To his ardent lips he bare
The sleeping fair-one's hand, and printed there
A kiss unhallowed. Quick a voice, half scream,
Half a hoarse groan, through the low casement came;
And, thundering through the door, a maniac form
Dash'd to the hearth in fell Revenge's storm:
A sword was in his hand; and to Fitz-John
Wildly he urged the fatal weapon on.
Lucasta, wakened by the loud surprise,
Half saw her Norville with distracted eyes;
And, shrieking, ran the deadly point to bend,
And turn it from the bosom of a friend!
' Norville!' she would have said; but on her tongue
That name of fondness half unuttered hung:
With fury blind, half senseless of the deed;
Half urged to vengeance new, with wilder speed
He drove the thirsty blade; and through the heart
Of lov'd Lucasta pierc'd its mortal dart.
A faint sigh from her quivering lip was given,
And on that sigh her soul went forth to heaven.
The crimson tide, that issued from her breast,
A moment Norville's maniac rage repress:
He paus'd—and shook—and gazed with haggard eye—
And utter'd a shrill agonizing cry;
Then bursting forth in all the pangs of hell,
Fled but a step, ere yet he turn'd the steel
Inward upon himself, and lifeless fell!”

Bertram, the unhappy author and survivor of this horrible catastrophe, seeks in solitude the indulgence of his grief.

“ Spirit of her, whose hapless form by night
Visits his dreams, and haunts his shudd'ring sight;
Whose bosom, streaming with the deadly blow,
Clouds the long day with never-varying woe;
To thee he utters the repentant prayer!
For thee the sighing of the lonely air
Seems a deep melancholy tone to bear!
Lucasta! lamp of heaven! whose light benign
Seem'd like a star 'mid earthly beams to shine;
Brilliant as those immortal rays above,
Yet not beyond the reach of earthly love;
Angel, of charms too heavenly to remain
Long in this vale of wickedness and pain!
Yet curst beyond the curse of human ill,
That he, whom most thy worth with awe could thrill,
That he should draw thy fate upon his head;
And by his own misdeed should mourn thee dead!

Norville, fond faithful friend! whose holy flame
 A worthier meed in better worlds may claim;
 Grievous as is my crime, yet look below,
 And soothe the pangs of my incessant woe!
 Methinks, e'en now, thy view is downward cast;
 With grief, not ire, thou ey'st thy sufferings past;
 Seest me in tears the wretched hours employ,
 While thou art bathing in empyreal joy!

In yon deep wood, remote from human eye,
 By day, by night, I oft retire to sigh;
 While the leaves round me close their thickening shades,
 And sadly the lone hollow breeze upbraids!
 There mute I sit, and bathe the turf with tears,
 Till lost in inward thought my soul appears,
 In mingled thrills and pangs of hopes and fears,
 To plead before the blazing throne of Heaven,
 Angel and friend, of you to be forgiven."

Although this tale does not possess merit of the highest order, yet we confess that we have had much pleasure in reading it. The story told is interesting, and well managed in the relation, so as not to allow the attention to flag. The chief fault, we think, is in a want of vigour in the language, and too much of that sentimentality which produces exactly the same enervating effect upon the mind. In the description of scenes of tenderness, Sir E. Brydges is most successful, while he fails in those of tumultuous and contending passions. For this reason, it appears to us, that he has been more happy in his delineation of Norville than of Bertram; and some delicate touches are introduced into the picture of Lucasta, which seem almost to do away the distinction between art and nature. He is generally more a poet in feeling than in expression, and on this account he is unable sometimes to communicate to his reader the sensation by which he is actuated. It is, however, far from our wish to under-rate the talents of Sir Egerton Brydges; and though, in the poem before us, it is true *paulum à summo decessit*, yet it cannot be said, that in any part *vergit ad imum*.

ART. IV.—*Typographical Antiquities; or the History of Printing in England, Scotland, and Ireland; containing Memoirs of our Ancient Printers, and a Register of the Books printed by them. Begun by the late JOSEPH AMES, F. R. & A. S. S., considerably augmented by W. M. HERBERT, and now greatly enlarged, &c. by the Rev. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN.* London, John Murray, Vol. III. 1816. 4to. pp. 616.

THE publication within the last month of this (the third) volume of Mr. Dibdin's laborious work, gives us an opportunity of noticing that and the two former, which appeared respectively in the years 1810 and 1812, and of which no mention has yet been made.

All must allow that the editor of this great undertaking is a man of profound learning in the science of bibliography: he has devoted his life to the study, and has possessed facilities in the acquisition of knowledge, which few of his predecessors, or competitors, have had the good fortune to enjoy. Independently of the invaluable library of Earl Spencer, with which he is officially connected, he has had access to all the collections of curious and rare books in the three kingdoms; and with these advantages, it would indeed be *extraordinary*, even if common abilities, seconded by moderate industry, could not most importantly illustrate the subject of British typography. We are not among those, however, who are accustomed to look upon Mr. Dibdin as a man of pre-eminent talents—certainly not as a man of an original mind; and after often hearing him from the pulpit, and reading him from the press, we have come to the opinion, (in which we are aware that some will differ from us,) that, though learned, his learning is of a very inapplicable, and comparatively useless kind; and that his taste has been depraved from a natural love of the beautiful, to an artificial admiration of the curious. In the study of antiquities, it not unfrequently happens that men begin the pursuit from the hope of discovering something intrinsically excellent, and are led on from step to step, until at last they lose sight of their original object, the unfolding of concealed beauty, and it degenerates into a mere mechanical operation, which consists in the pointing out of insignificant peculiarities. That this is the case with the class of persons, who are usually known by the name of Bibliomaniacs in poetry, many in the present day, we apprehend, can bear witness, when they look back over the mass of mere black

letter they have collected to the point from whence, and the purpose for which, they originally started: like the man, of whom the story is told in one of our old writers, who having dug out of his ground all the gold he could find, acquired such a love for subterranean excavations, that he exhausted all the wealth he had previously procured in raising stones and rubbish, which might easily have been obtained upon the surface. It is not, however, fair to apply this illustration without great qualification to the pursuit in which Mr. Dibdin has been for years engaged, and which has employed the labours of so many individuals whose knowledge and industry have never been exceeded: one of them truly says, that the origin of the art of printing, "by multiplying letters, is entitled to the first place after the invention of letters themselves;" and all investigations upon this important point, however minute, must, almost necessarily, be productive of some useful information, not merely relative to the progress of the typographic, but to the condition and advancement of the sister arts. This excuse, however, will not apply to the mere divers into the depths of black-letter darkness, who exhaust those lives that might have been devoted to valuable acquisitions, in employments to which they blindly attach an imaginary and factitious importance.

How much further Mr. Dibdin intends to carry his researches—or rather, how many more volumes of his "*Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*" he intends to publish, it is not easy to conjecture: three thick quartos have already been issued from the press, and the preface to the last seems to hold out no hope that it will be completed in less than as many more. In the advertisement to the third volume, the author thus speaks of his labours:—

"Some apology may be due for the length of time which has elapsed since the publication of the second volume of this work. The public, however, will not accuse me of indolence during this interval; as the completion of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* is a sufficient evidence of unabated ardour in the study of bibliography.

"Without pledging myself to any definite period for the publication of the remaining volumes, it may safely be affirmed, that no cause, of a magnitude equal to what has just been noticed, can operate to produce delay; although I must be permitted to declare, that the *Bibliographical Decameron* may precede the fourth volume of these *Typographical Antiquities*. Those who are disposed to censure the tardiness of my progress in this publication, must suffer their severity to be softened by a reflection upon the comparatively

disproportionate reward attending it:—arising from the very nature of the undertaking:—for in a work so voluminous and expensive as the present, of which the impression is necessarily limited, both the Editor and the Publisher must contempt themselves with a moderate remuneration, and with the hope that what they lose in pecuniary profit they gain by reputation and credit.”

With regard to this extract, we apprehend that the subscribers have some right to complain. Four years elapsed between the publication of the second and third volumes, and the excuse is, that the editor has not been indolent, because he has been completing his *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*. This is no doubt very true; and it is no less true, that that production has been a source of immense profit to the author, who published it on his own account; but if it had engaged him forty, instead of four years, the same cause for delay might have been assigned, and in the mean time, the subscribers to the *Typographical Antiquities* (of whom we are one) are to be all the money they have paid out of pocket, with a book unfinished in their hands, merely because Mr. Dibdin thinks fit to employ himself upon works that are more lucrative: he may with reason talk of the disproportionate reward attending this undertaking, as compared with others to which he has given an undue preference; but surely three guineas and a half for each volume is no insignificant price; especially when we find that the embellishments (to which Mr. Dibdin is careful to advert) in the last volume are much less curious and expensive than those which accompanied the first and second. The fact is, that the editor has not used his subscribers quite fairly, and has proceeded too much upon an illiberal money-getting principle, not very consistent with the nature of his literary avocations. In the advertisement to the first volume, he talks of “a general preface” to be given with the last volume; and in that which has recently appeared, he calls it by the enticing title of a *Biographical Decameron*, “which may precede the fourth volume.” These are intended as little decoys to his purchasers—as inducements to them to wait with patience for the fourth, fifth, sixth, or more volumes, as it may answer the editor’s purpose to proceed; but, in the mean time, his more immediate friends, who have aided him with their books or their remarks, seem not a little anxious for the expression of those “particular obligations” which he admits in the first volume, and which he promises to acknowledge *seriatim* in the general preface: accordingly, in the introduction to the third volume, thanks

are regularly offered to Mr. Heber, Mr. Wilbraham, Mr. Douce, Mr. Bindley, Sir E. Brydges, Mr. Hazlewood, Mr. Bliss and others for their valuable assistance; but Mr. Dibdin's "particular obligations" to his subscribers, are to be evinced by the postponement of the publication of the remaining part of this work to such a period as may suit the convenience or the interests of the editor.

Mr. Dibdin must excuse these free remarks, dictated in no spirit of hostility; on the contrary, they are induced principally by a wish on our part as soon as possible to enjoy the advantage of the completion of the very valuable and learned work he has undertaken. We do not mean to say, that the price even is unreasonable, but the delay certainly is so; and if the editor have a right to a fair reward, his subscribers have no less a right to expect that the contract between him and them should be fulfilled without more than necessary delay, and not postponed because Mr. Dibdin finds more lucrative employments.

The three volumes upon our table contain, first, the prefaces of Ames and Herbert, and biographical sketches of them by Gough and Dibdin; next, a preliminary disquisition on the early state of engraving and ornamental printing in Great Britain; and, thirdly, an account of the life of William Caxton. Both the latter are by the editor of this work, who afterwards proceeds to a regular statement of all the books known to have been the labour of our first printer. These details occupy the first volume, and the second comprises a catalogue of, and strictures upon, the books printed by Letore and Machlinia, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, and Julian Notary; and the third similar particulars regarding the productions of the press of a great number of English printers who exercised their art from 1500 to about 1550. The last list includes the names of above fifty printers, and some others who lived within the same period, will probably be noticed in the fourth volume of these *Typographical Antiquities* when it appears.

It will be obvious, that in the first volume is contained the longest portion of original matter, as far as an industrious collection of facts and opinions may deserve the epithet of original. The prefaces of Ames and Herbert are accompanied by Mr. Dibdin's useful notes, and the life of Caxton may be pointed out as a master-piece of biography of that species. The preliminary disquisition, though too superficial, deserves much praise from the accuracy of its materials, and the neatness with which they are put toge-

ther. From the latter we shall give a few extracts, relating chiefly to the progress of ornamental printing; the subject of the origin, &c. of engraving on wood and copper having recently been separately treated by Mr. Ottley in his most learned work, which we reviewed in our last number. The following are Mr. Dibdin's remarks on the chief application of ornamental printing in its earlier stage:—

“ Two classes of books in particular seem to have been properly selected by our printers for the display of the united arts of engraving and printing; and these were Bibles and Chronicles. Of the latter class, some of the cuts in the last edition of Grafton's, and in the first edition of Holinshed's, Chronicles, as well as the large wood-cut on the reverse of the concluding leaf of Hall's Chronicles of 1548, are eminent proofs that there were, in this country, artists [whether foreigners or Englishmen I will not pretend to determine] who understood and practised their profession with skill and success.

“ But the most splendid attempts at engraving seem to have been reserved for the most precious of all books, the Bible; of which a sumptuous edition appeared during the reign of Henry VIII. Many other editions were destined, under the sovereignty of Elizabeth, (when arts, arms, and learning, made us known, felt, and admired throughout Europe) to receive some of the costliest decorations from the presses of Grafton, Jugge, Bill and Barker. The specimens on the two ensuing pages are taken from the fragments of a beautiful quarto edition of the Testament, printed in the black letter, which belonged to the late Rev. Mr. George Ashby, of Bury, in Suffolk; who supposed that the edition came from the press of either Grafton or Whitchurch, or of both. They are unquestionably very skilful productions;* although it is probable that the curious collector may be able to adduce others of still greater beauty and force. My object in laying these fac-similes before the reader is, to impress him with an idea of that peculiar species or character of wooden-block engraving, which may be traced in a variety of productions that signa-

* Some of the prints of this Testament are probably copied from the beautiful wood-cuts in the Lyons Bibles of 1550-1555—executed by Petit Bernard, or Bernard Solomon; concerning whom Papillon has a long and interesting account (vol. i. 206). So scarce is this Bible, that Papillon could hardly find two complete copies of it in the course of twelve years. It has been called “ a most beautiful work, and though it does not come up to the masterly Venetian manner, yet it is a fine performance.” See a rare treatise entitled “ *An Inquiry into the Origin of Printing in Europe.* By a Lover of the Art. Lond. 1752. 8vo. p. 23.” Bernard's most precious performance seems to have been a small quarto volume, called “ *Hymnes du temps et de ses parties,*” consisting of 88 pages only. See Papillon, *Traité Hist. de la Gravure en Bois.* vol. i. 208. Strutt has disgraced his Dictionary by his superficial notice of this incomparable artist.

lized the typographical annals of Elizabeth's reign; and even those who are accustomed to the productions of ancient artists, may probably receive some gratification in observing the spirit and truth with which they are executed. How far some of them may be copies of foreign productions, has been slightly questioned in the preceding note: that their intrinsic merit, both in design and engraving, is sufficient to put a number of modern performances to the blush, must be admitted by the most careless observer. At the same time, it must be allowed, that the talents of many eminent living artists, in this department of engraving, have not yet been fairly put to the test; otherwise we might have seen a portable edition of the Bible, which would have equalled, in graphic illustrations, the beauty of the cuts executed by Bernard." (p. xvii.—xviii. vol. i.)

The fac-similes which follow these remarks are admirably executed. It cannot be denied, that the art of engraving on wood has of late years attained a degree of perfection equal to the efforts in that kind at any former period: what is technically called cross-hitching, was never better executed than in some cuts contained in Mr. Singer's work upon card-playing; but the reason why it does not now appear to such great advantage, excepting in these copies from old works, is on account of the defective designs from which modern wood-engravers are required to execute their blocks. Those who compare the two will find, that the principal difference is in the freedom and grace with which the drapery is disposed: in delicacy our engravers even exceed all their predecessors, but the drawings are generally by very inferior artists. The designs for the cuts to many ornamented books printed at Basle, were the production of no less a pencil than that of Holbein. We cannot omit the following note upon the importance of a general history of printing:—

"A complete *General History of Printing* is a great desideratum. In this country we have nothing that deserves the name of it. He who shall undertake this arduous and instructive task, will do well to read the treatises of his predecessors; to compare their accounts of books with the books themselves; to lop away their tedious digressions; and to substitute, in many instances, something like reason and fact for chimera and fiction. A free admission into the cabinets of the curious, and an honest use of the privilege granted—an inspection, probably, of the chief libraries upon the Continent, and especially of those in the Low Countries, would also be requisite to the success of such an undertaking. The great error, as I humbly submit, in almost all preceding treatises upon the origin and progress of printing, has been the determination of each writer to support, through the most formidable objections, the claims of that

country, and of that typographical artist, in whose cause he sat out as the avowed champion. The strong attachment of Junius to Holland and Coster, in aid of which he exercised a poetical fancy, has been even exceeded by the enthusiasm (or, as some might call it, obstinacy) of Meerman towards the same objects. When the latter commenced his inquiries, it is certain that he had no very extensive information upon the subject. Dr. Ducarel threw out some hints relating to the claims of Holland, which, as Meerman was a native of that country, he seized with avidity, and resolved to expand and consolidate them into a systematic history. Accordingly, after publishing a small octavo volume as a specimen of his large work, he appeared before the public, with his portrait, in his *Origines Typographice*, in two quarto volumes, along with a fictitious head of his beloved Coster, beautifully engraved by Houbraken. Meerman's is a learned and valuable work, and is in the hands of every bibliographer. The author had himself a fine library, and was exceedingly kind and liberal in giving the curious permission to see it. But though it be absolutely necessary to possess his performance, yet it is not free from gross errors; which have been attacked perhaps with too much severity, by the acute and experienced Heineken. This latter was a German, and a like patriotic ardour induced him to give the palm of having discovered the art of printing to the cities of Mentz and Strasburg. Heineken, as now seems to be allowed, has paid too little attention to the antiquity of the claims of Haarlem, and Meerman infinitely too much: thus, although both sat out with professing to adhere to truth, both have described her not as *she really was*, but as they had *conceived or wished her to be*." (p. xxxi. vol. i.)

This great work could scarcely be accomplished with any degree of perfection by one man, more especially if he proceeded upon the extended plan of Mr. Dibdin, who will occupy six quarto volumes on the Origin and Progress of Typography in Great Britain and Ireland, and who allows an interval of four years between each volume. From the life of Caxton we make the following quotation:—

"The particular spot where Caxton at first exercised his business, or the place where his press was fixed, cannot now be exactly known. Bagford says, that 'he erected his office in some of the side chapels of the Abbey, supposed by some of our historians to be the *Ambry, Eleemosynary*.' He quotes Newport's Repertorium;* which autho-

* The passage is as follows; both in Stow and Newcourt (*Repertorium*, vol. i. 711.)—"St. Ann's, in the parish of St. Margaret. This was an old chapel, over against which the Lady Margaret, mother to King Henry VII. erected an alms-house for poor women, which is now (in Stow's time) turned into lodgings for the singing men of the College. The place wherein this chapel and alms-house stood, was called *Eleemosinary*, or *Almory*, now corruptly the *Ambry*, for that the alms of the abbey were there distributed to the

rity is, in this particular, only a transcript from Stow. 'Whoever authorised Caxton (says Oldys), it is certain that he did there, at the entrance of the Abbey, exercise the art, from whence a printing-room is to this day called a *Chapel*.' In regard to the information to be gleaned from Caxton's own colophons, we find that the edition of '*The Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers*' (the first book in which the specification of the place where it was printed occurs), mentions 'Westminster' generally; that the *Chronicles* of 1480 first notice his printing at the 'Abbey;' and that the *Romance of Arthur*, printed in 1485, is the last book which mentions both the one and the other in the same colophon. The greater number of the works, printed by him, specify only the date of their execution. According to Bagford, 'Caxton's office was afterwards removed into King Street: but whereabouts, or what sign, is not known. He might have removed his office (continues Bagford) without breach of friendship with the abbot, for that printing being much admired, all people of curiosity would be thronging into the Abbey for to see this new-invented art of printing; so that it became at last very troublesome, not only to Caxton's servants, in the hindrance of their work, but a further cause was, the monks were disturbed at their devotion by the people coming in and out in such crouds.'—This reasoning, it must be confessed, is sufficiently ridiculous; as if the ardor of curiosity would not have equally driven the people 'in crouds' to another spot—not connected with the offices of religion—and where the absence of ecclesiastical respect or discipline would rather have increased their number, and encouraged their intrusion!

"It is most probable, that Caxton, after the manner observed in other monasteries, erected his press near one of the chapels attached to the aisles of the Abbey; and his *Printing Office* might have superseded the use of what was called the *Scriptorium* of the same. No remains of this once interesting place can now be ascertained: indeed, there is a strong presumption that it was pulled down in making alterations for the building of Henry VII's chapel; for if Henry made no scruple to demolish 'The Chapel of the Virgin,' in order to carry into effect his own plans for erecting the magnificent one which goes by his own name, the Office of Printer stood little chance of escaping a similar fate!" (p. xcix—cii. vol. i.)

This life is concluded by Mr. Dibdin in the following rhapsodical strain, perhaps not very well suited to the gravity and sobriety of his task.

"That our typographer met death with placidity and resignation there is every reason, from the testimony of his own pious ejacula-

poor; and therein, Islip (Milling), Abbot of Westminster, erected the first press of book printing that ever was in England, about the year of Christ 1471, where William Caxton, citizen and mercer of London, who first brought it into England, practised it."

tions, but more from the evidence of a usefully-spent life, to believe. If his funeral was not emblazoned by 'the pomp of heraldry,' and 'the great ones of rank' were not discoverable among his pall-bearers; yet Caxton descended into his grave in full assurance of a MONUMENT, which, like the art that he had practised, would bid defiance to decay. Accept, O VENERABLE and VIRTUOUS SHADE! this tribute of unfeigned respect to thy memory! Thou shalt be numbered hereafter, not with the witty, the vain, or the profligate—the Nashes, Greens, and Rochesters of the day!—but with the wise, the sober, and the good; with those who have unceasingly strove to meliorate the condition of mankind. (p. cxi.—cxiv. vol. i.)

The rest of the volume is made up of long notices of 64 works printed by Caxton, in the accumulation of which, and the particulars regarding them, the editor has bestowed great labour, with proportionate success. Passages from this part of the work, or from the unavoidably scanty accounts of other printers and their labours, could afford but little information to our readers, although, taken as a whole, it is important and not uninteresting.

We have before observed upon the decrease of the embellishments in the third volume of these *Typographical Antiquities*: of course not many of the scarce originals can have come under our eye, or that of any single individual who has not had Mr. Dibdin's object before him; but we have sometimes found, that by the re-engraving the figures are transposed: an instance of this error occurs in giving a fac-simile of the title-page of Sir Thomas More's works, 1557. In the third volume we have noticed, that the editor has several times been contented with hearsay information regarding a work, when he might have consulted it with his own eyes, without any great additional trouble: we refer particularly to pages 156 and 589, and we might multiply them without much difficulty. This is an indication of a little carelessness as the work proceeds, and as Mr. Dibdin grows tired of it; which will not be very pleasing to his subscribers, who have not yet urged him to inconvenient speed.

Considering the immense number of volumes to which allusion is made, it cannot be wondered that the editor should not have been able to consult all: the titles and contents of some he has taken on the authority of Ames and Herbert, and others are entirely omitted, or only hinted at in a note, as a work in existence. Among these, is a small 18mo. volume, in our possession, under the following title: "The lyfe of prestes. This present treatyse concernynge

the state and lyfe of Chanons, prestes, clerkes, and minystres of the church, was fyrst cōpyled in Latyne by the reuerend and deuoute father Dyonisius, some tyme one of the Charter-house in Ruremond, and taken and exemplified with greate diligence out of an originall copy, y^e which he wrote with his owne hande, and nowe againe beyng diligently corrected, is trāslated into the Englyshe tonge vnto the honour of god, and for the vtilite and soule helth of Clerkes & other studentes of the same."—It proceeds as far as sig. L.v., and is without date: at the end is this colophon: "*Impryntyd at London in the Fletestreete, by me Robert Redman: Cum priuilegio.*"

Mr. Dibdin also sometimes mentions as rare and valuable, works that are neither the one nor the other: thus he states that Thomas Wilson's "*Arte of Rhetorique*," printed by Grafton in 1553, is in Mr. Heber's collection, as if only to be found in the most stupendous library of that great Bibliomaniac: we have ourselves Ames's copy, with his own signature and arms, to which Kingston's edition of Wilson's "*Rule of Reason*" is annexed, and for the whole we only gave a guinea.

ART. V.—*The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man: taken from his own mouth, in his Passage to England from off Cape Horn, in America, in the Ship Hector. By R. S., a Passenger in the Hector.* London, T. and J. Allman; Edinburgh, John Fairbairn; 2 vols. 12mo. new edit. 1816.

TO some of our readers, we are persuaded that, not only the title, but the body of this book, will be new; and others who have heard of it, have derived their knowledge merely from the notes to Mr. Southey's very striking poem, "*The Curse of Kehama*," where he admits that the Glendoveer, the description and actions of whom form the most delightful part of his production, is borrowed from "the neglected story of Peter Wilkins, a work of great genius;" and he subjoins, "whoever the author was, his winged people are the most beautiful creatures of imagination that ever were devised." The addition of the Ship of Heaven, so delicately described in the 7th canto, is, however, the invention of Mr. Southey.

Probably the eulogy above quoted (which, however, is not referred to in the new edition) led to the republication of this very original and romantic novel. We do not exactly

remember the date of the old edition, but it is at least sixty or eighty years old; and from that time till 1810, when "The Curse of Kehama" appeared, it has remained unnoticed. Who was the author, it is now in vain to inquire, and the initials "R. S., a passenger in the Hector," are probably merely fictitious; the work does not seem at first to have attracted sufficient notice to induce the writer to disclose himself, and probably he was some man of unobtrusive talent, who penned it for his amusement, and there found the only reward he expected. We have heard it hinted that De-foe was the author of *Peter Wilkins*, but it was only a conjecture, and that not a plausible one; for, independently of some discordancy in dates, there are such essential differences between *Robinson Crusoe* and *Peter Wilkins*, as to render it very unlikely that both should have flowed from the same individual. Our readers need not be under any alarm, lest we should enter into a fresh criticism of the book which was the delight of the boyhood of most of us, in order to shew these differences; we would only say, that the great charm of *Robinson Crusoe* is its reality, the perfect faith we put in its varied relations, as if they were undoubted historical facts, and as if the hero had had a positive being; while, on the contrary, we read *Peter Wilkins* as a poetical invention, that describes something out of nature, but at the same time with such truth and vividness, as to induce us to believe in the possibility of its existence. *Robinson Crusoe* is a work of talent, in which the adaptation of known means is the chief recommendation; *Peter Wilkins* is a work of genius, where even those means of accomplishing particular purposes are the effort of invention.

In the short space to which we are under the necessity of confining ourselves, more especially in noticing a new edition of a book, we cannot pretend to enter into any detail of the strange story of the *Life of Peter Wilkins*: it will be enough for our present object to observe, that he is a mariner, who, after a series of very singular and admirably-related adventures, is cast upon a barren rock; he lives alone for some time on board the wreck of his ship; but at last, sailing in the ship's boat round the rock, he is drawn into a sort of gulf, or cavern, and, by the force of the current, is carried for some days through a subterraneous passage, which at length opens into a salt lake, surrounded by impassable precipices, leaving a wooded and fertile tract round the margin of the water. Here he is

compelled to take up his abode, not being able to force his boat back against the stream; and having built himself a grotto, soon after his arrival he hears voices as of human beings sporting in the air, at night, and sees shadows floating along the surface of the lake. On one occasion, after sorely lamenting the solitude he was destined to endure, he hears something strike against the thatch of his cottage; and looking out, with his lamp in his hand, he sees a beautiful woman lying at his door, the lower part of her person covered with a thin film or web, while her head and shoulders are surrounded by a kind of wings that spread like an umbrella. Peter Wilkins carries her in, and finds to his astonishment that she is a *Gawrey*, or flying woman—a female of a new race of human beings, who, by means of this film or web, when expanded, (which is called a *graundee*,) are able to divide the air with more ease and greater velocity than birds. Wilkins is violently enamoured, and lives with her in a platonic sort of love during a whole winter; and after they have learnt something of the language of each other, they plight faith, and become man and wife. The flying lady, whose appearance is exquisitely described, gives this account of herself:—

“ Compliments (if in compliance with old custom I may call them so, for they were by us delivered from the heart) being a little over on both sides, I first desired to know what name she went by before I found her: ‘For having only hitherto called you madam, and my lady, besides the future expression of my love to you in the word dear, I would know your original name, that so I might join it with that tender epithet.’—‘That you shall,’ said she, ‘and also my family at another opportunity; but as my name will not take up long time to repeat at present, it is *YOUWARKEE*. And pray now gratify me with the knowledge of yours.’—‘My dear Youwarkee, my name was *PETER WILKINS* when I heard it last; but that is so long ago, I had almost forgot it. And now there is another thing you can give me a pleasure in.’—‘You need then only mention it, my dear Peter.’—‘That is,’ said I, ‘only to tell me, if you did not by some accident, fall from the top of the rock over my habitation, upon the roof of it, when I first took you in here; and whether you are of the country upon the rocks?’ She, softly smiling, answered, ‘My dear Peter, you run your questions too thick; as to my country, which is not upon the rocks, as you suppose, but at a vast distance from hence, I shall leave that, till I may hereafter at more leisure speak of my family, as I promised you before; but as to how I came into this grotto, I knew not at first, but soon perceived your humanity had brought me in, to take care of me after a terrible fall I had; not from the rock, as you suppose, for then I must not now

have been living to enjoy you, but from a far less considerable height in the air. I'll tell you how it happened. A parcel of us young people were upon a merry swangean round this arkoe, which we usually divert ourselves with at set times of the year, chasing and pursuing one another, sometimes soaring to an extraordinary height, and then shooting down again with surprising precipitancy, till we even touch the trees; when of a sudden we mount again, and away. Being of this party, and pursued by one of my comrades, I descended down to the very trees, and she after me; but as I mounted, she overshooting me, brushed so stiffly against the upper part of my graundee, that I lost my bearing; and being so near the branches, before I could recover it again, I sunk into the tree, and rendered my graundee useless to me; so that down I came, and that with so much force that I had but just felt my fall and lost my senses. Whether I cried out or no, upon my coming to the ground, I cannot say; but if I did, my companion was too far gone by that time to hear or take notice of me; as she probably, in so swift a flight, saw not my fall. As to the condition I was in, or what happened immediately afterwards, I must be obliged to you for a relation of that: but one thing I was quickly sensible of, and never can forget, that I owe my life to your care and kindness to me." (p. 139, vol. i.)

In a few years this couple have a family of several children, and when they are old enough, the mother takes such as have *graundees* (for all of them had not this appendage) to visit her father and relations, who were persons of great consequence and power in their own country, and in turn the father makes a flying expedition to the grotto of his unknown son-in-law. In the mean time, a prophecy is pronounced among the *Glumms* (such being the appellation of the flying men) that Peter Wilkins will be extremely instrumental in defeating a rebel named Harlokth, who had gathered great strength in a neighbouring district: Peter is, therefore, carried by the *Glumms* on a machine of his invention, to the capital of their kingdom, where he is introduced to the King *Georigetti*. Here the author allows a complete range to his fancy, in describing the government, manners, occupations, and mode of life of this new people, in every respect differing from others hitherto mentioned in any writer. We will give one extract from this part of the work, describing the sort of lamps used by the *Glumms*, the idea of which is ingeniously taken from the glow-worm.

"Being now in my oval chamber, and alone with my children, I had a mind to be informed of some things I was almost ashamed to ask Quilly. 'Tommy,' (one of Wilkins's children, who had resided for some time at the court,) said I, 'what sort of fires do they keep

in these globes? and what are they made of?—‘Father,’ said he, ‘yonder is the man shifting them, you may go and see.’ Being very curious to see how he did it, I went to him; as I came near him, he seemed to have something all fire on his arm. ‘What has the man got there?’ said I. ‘Only sweecoos,’ replied Tommy. By this time I came up to him; ‘Friend,’ said I, ‘what are you about?’—‘Shifting the sweecoos, Sir,’ answered he, ‘to feed them.’—‘What oil do you feed with?’ said I. ‘Oil!’ answered he, ‘they won’t eat oil; that would kill them all.’—‘Why,’ said I, ‘my lamp is fed with oil.’

“Tommy could scarce forbear laughing himself; but for fear the servant should do so too, pulled me by the sleeve, and desired me to say no more. So turning away with him, he said, ‘It is not oil that gives this light, but sweecoos, a living creature; he has got his basket full, and is taking the old ones out to feed them, and putting new ones in; they shift them every half-day, and feed them.’—‘What!’ said I, ‘are all these infinite number of globes I see living creatures?’—‘No,’ replied he; ‘the globes are only the transparent shell of a bott, like our calibashes—the light comes from the sweecoe within.’—‘Has that man,’ said I, ‘got any of them?’—‘Yes,’ answered he, ‘you may see them; the king, and the colombs, and indeed every man of note, has a place to breed and feed them in.’—‘Pray, let us go see them,’ said I; ‘for that is a curiosity indeed.’

“Tommy desired the man to shew me the sweecoos, so he set down his basket, which was a very beautiful resemblance of a common higgler’s basket, with a handle in the middle, and a division under it, with flaps on each side to lift up and down. It was made of straw-coloured small twigs, neatly compacted, but so light as scarce to be of any weight. Opening one of the lids, I could make very little distinction of substances, the bottom seeming all over of a quite white flour. I looking surprised at the light, the man took out one, and would have put it into my hand, but perceiving me shy of it, he assured me it was one of the most innocent things in the world; I then took it, and surveying it, it felt to my touch as smooth and cold as a piece of ice. It was about as long as a large lob-worm, but much thicker. The man seeing me admire the brightness of it’s colour, told me it had done it’s duty, and was going to be fed; but those which were going upon duty were much clearer: and then opening the other lid, those appeared far exceeding the others in brightness, and thickness too. I asked what he fed them with. He said, ‘Leaves and fruit;’ but grass, when he could get it, which was not often, they were very fond of.” (p. 102, vol. ii.)

The Glumms, by Peter’s advice and aid, having defeated the rebels, who were assisted by domestic treachery, he settles the whole kingdom, reforms such customs as he thought injurious, abolishes idolatry, and establishes chris-

tianity. Having resided in the court of Georigetti many years, his children grow up, and are well provided for; and having contrived some time before a sort of artificial *graunder*, he longs in his old age to revisit his native country, and he starts from the land of the Glumms for that purpose. He drops into the sea, near the ship Hector, on board which he is taken, and the relater, "R. S. a passenger," represents himself as having taken the story from the lips of the old man, who died just as he reached England.

Some persons have supposed, that in this romantic story there were political allusions, as in Swift's most delightful political relations; but if so, they are now lost, and we apprehend, as we observed in the outset, that the *Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins* was written as a mere sport of fancy. It is not all equally entertaining, particularly towards the latter end, where it becomes prosing, though the author's opinions upon religion, politics, and the effect of trade upon nations, display great sagacity and observation. In conclusion, we must remark, that there is one small portion which, though beautifully and even delicately described, is not calculated for the perusal of all readers.

ART. VI.—*An Answer to Doctor Kinglake; shewing the Danger of his Cooling Treatment of the Gout.* By JOHN RING, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and of the Medical Societies of London and Paris: Callow, 1816. 8vo. pp. 165.

A BOOK with a more unpromising title than this could hardly have been laid before us; we have, therefore, no reason to complain of a disappointment. The names of Ring and Kinglake have been too long sounded in opposition; too often have they exhibited themselves before the public, to allow of much interest being now excited by their appearance: it seems these gentlemen have yet to learn, that a man may continue to write without increasing his reputation. Mr. Ring, indeed, appears all along to have mistaken Dr. Kinglake for some giant in medical science, by whose discomfiture he might obtain great honour: egregious error!—the doctor's productions contain within themselves the elements of decay, and without the aid of any adverse hand would speedily tumble into oblivion: his language is an unintelligible jargon, his dogmatism offensive, his practice too empirical to be generally admissible;—why then should Mr. Ring, or any man, take

the trouble to compose, compile, and write so long an answer to that which required no answer at all? Why? Dr. Kinglake had, not long since, asserted, that his doctrine has not lately been assailed, though "it is impossible to reconcile his assertion to truth; for," says Mr. R., "he must know, or ought to have known, that it was assailed in my Treatise on the Gout; one of the latest and principal publications, and probably the principal publication that has ever appeared on that subject." This is modest!

Though we have just now spoken of Dr. Kinglake's treatise in no very favourable terms, it is not our intention to deny that it contains some just and rational observations; or that the cooling treatment of gout, in some cases, and with suitable precautions, may be as safe as well as efficacious practice. Even Mr. Ring will allow so much; for, speaking of the external application of cold water as a remedy for gout, he says:

"If Dr. Kinglake were satisfied with an acknowledgement of its efficacy, or even of its general utility, it would be very uncandid and illiberal to deny it that merit."—"The cold bath, in every form—cold affusions, cold ablutions, and cold applications—are, and have long been, some of the most favourite and popular remedies in almost all sorts of febrile and inflammatory complaints, except the gout; and even in that disease the efficacy of the practice is acknowledged, but the safety of the practice is denied."—"A thousand cases would not prove his practice to be safe, but a single one is sufficient to prove it unsafe." (p. 43—47.)

This is going rather too far; for surely a remedy for any disease, which proved noxious but once in a thousand times, would deserve to be held in the highest esteem. Would Mr. Ring admit such a rule to be applied to his favourite cow-pock? Could he listen with patience to the man who should tell him, that a thousand successful cases were insufficient to establish its power of preventing the small-pox, but that a single instance of failure was enough to deprive it of all claims to confidence? In his eagerness to run down his opponent, he is apt to lose sight of consistency; and whatever praise may be due to the doctrine of Dr. Kinglake is given away to others, whilst the whole weight of opprobrium is thrown upon him. At page 151, however, of the "Answer," there is something tantamount to an admission, that little real necessity existed for its appearance: Mr. Ring, adopting the words of a medical reviewer, says—"Dr. Kinglake seems to think that the generality of practitioners adopt his treatment in the gout;

we appeal to the knowledge of every individual of the faculty, whether one in fifty of his acquaintances ever dreams of following Dr. Kinglake's plan." It is tolerably plain, then, that this "Answer" must have been intended rather for the gout-afflicted sons of opulence, than for the followers of *Æsculapius*; and we all know how sensibly alive those gentlemen are to every thing which concerns so interesting, so fashionable a disease. At page 28, it is asserted, that the doctor's numerous publications will serve, if no other, at least the purpose of an advertisement; but few people, we apprehend, will be long in doubt where the advantages of advertising are most likely to be felt,—at Taunton, or in London.

This precious volume is made up, principally, of statements and observations relative to Dr. Kinglake's practice, collected from the medical journals and from other sources; of pretty copious quotations from the writings of Cullen, Dr. Peter Reid, and the late and present Dr. Gregory; with a catalogue of the opinions, concerning gout, of more than thirty authors of all ages, up to Hippocrates; the whole mixed together, and seasoned, with several strainings of wit by Mr. Ring; such as calling Dr. Kinglake an old woman, a goose, a man without brains, and a babe. Take an instance:—"A goose (says he) goes into water when he has a fever; yet nobody ever supposed that a *goose* was a *sage*—nobody ever supposed that a *goose* was a philosopher, or a *physician*. This would be almost as bad as to suppose that *physician* may be a *goose*." Really, any one reading this, might naturally suppose, that the person who wrote it had been in the habit of attending upon geese all his life. He desires to be thought facetious, but fails in the very essence of that quality; his terms are gross and ill-tempered, and he wants the delicacy of hand to point them. In the 122d page of his book, we are presented with a fine string of incongruous epithets, applied to the doctor's memoir on *Digitalis*. We are told, in the first place, that it has made the *purchasers* as well as the *press* groan; then, that it is "a bitter herb, like those of Sardinia, and, like the bitter herbs of Sardinia, provoked laughter;" but it also "soon excites nausea, and is, in general, soon rejected:" it is, moreover, "a direct sedative;" and finally, to crown all, if it does not "act as a narcotic, and produce sleep, nothing can."

We are unwilling to detain the reader any longer with such trifling; but feel disposed, before parting, to tran-

scribe, and offer a few comments upon, two detached passages relative to empiricism and medical reform, which have, for a long time, been the subject of much, and probably beneficial discussion. Let us not, however, be supposed to quote with any strong feeling of admiration: it is Mr. Ring that writes.

"Ignorant and illiterate as any author may be, (and the press continually groans with the lucubrations of ignorant and illiterate authors,) no one is so ignorant or illiterate as not to know, that England is the hot-bed of empiricism, and of all the vilest medical impositions under the sun. Here they have free toleration, and a full scope. Here they have acts of grace, latent and *patent*. Here they are cherished and nourished, and fostered with the perpetual sunshine of public favour." (p. 48.)

"The arrogance and presumption of such irregulars—however injurious it may prove for a season, by creating a temporary delusion—will nevertheless in time open the eyes of the legislature, and cause a revision of that clause of the Act of Union with Scotland, which allows decayed universities to make mock-doctors. Either Dr. Young's proposal should be adopted, and salaries allowed in lieu of such perquisites; or an impartial tribunal appointed, to examine candidates, instead of permitting their certificates to be signed by other mock-doctors, selected by themselves, of course partial to them, and probably full as ignorant and illiterate as themselves.

"While such abuses are tolerated, and even sanctioned and encouraged by the legislature, it is no wonder that we are becoming a nation of quacks. It is no wonder that so many surgeons and apothecaries are becoming physicians, and so many of the very dregs of society are becoming surgeons. It would, indeed, be cruel and impolitic to prohibit any one from practising physic or surgery; but it is equally cruel and impolitic to allow any man to assume the title of a physician, or surgeon, who has not undergone an examination before some regular tribunal, and given proofs of his competency to discharge those important duties." (p. 184.)

In this last remark we thoroughly coincide with our author; it is on every account desirable, that all candidates for employment in any branch of the medical profession, should have previously undergone such a trial of their abilities, as may ensure to the public a supply of well-instructed practitioners, or at least secure them from being preyed upon by the grossly ignorant. But we cannot assent to the opinion of some, who imagine that the payment of a large fee for license to practice is necessary to raise the respectability of the profession; not esteeming wealth to be any fair criterion of merit, and considering the neces-

sary expenses of a good education to be already sufficiently heavy, without the imposition of any additional tax, we believe that any such regulation must be more injurious than beneficial in its effects. It would be an improvement in the discipline of our medical schools, were they to adopt the system of progressive examinations, as the French have done, instead of the single one which, at present, in those cases where any examination is submitted to, takes place at the conclusion of the usual course of study. A new stimulus would thus be given to exertion; and many, who are now in the habit of wasting a large portion of the time allotted to study, would be under the necessity either of being uniformly diligent, or of abandoning their pursuit.

We agree likewise with Mr. Ring in thinking, that a stop should be put to the practice of decayed universities trading in medical degrees, and bestowing the title of doctor on any one who can produce a certificate, and pay the fees: like rotten boroughs, they are a nuisance to the state; and, like them, tend to bring discredit on the order to which they belong. To expect, however, that the legislature can put an end to quackery, is looking for impossibilities; it is too deeply rooted in human nature to be eradicated by statutes or proclamations; impudence and cunning are its parents, whilst ignorance and credulity nurse it: cultivate the understandings of the people—give them a better knowledge of nature, and of themselves—and the empire of quackery will gradually decline. We do not much approve of the busy interference of Parliament, for the purpose of making the profession respectable; and rejoice at the defeat of the illiberal bill which was brought in during the last session. The best security for its respectability consists in the public encouragement given to skilful and honourable practitioners; the best pledge for its farther advancement will be found in the improving sense and intelligence of the people.

ART. VII.—*Travels in Beloochistan and Sinde, accompanied by a Geographical and Historical Account of those Countries, with a Map.* By Lieut. HENRY POTTINGER, of the Honourable East India Company's Service, &c. &c. London, Longman and Co. 1816. 4to. pp. 423.

THE countries which were the theatres of these travels were rendered classic ground by the celebrated expedition of Alexander the Great. This conqueror was contemplat-

ing in his comprehensive mind the establishment of an eastern boundary to his vast empire, when his victories had brought him to the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea; and to accomplish his purpose, he proceeded towards the Indus, and obtained the first important success in the neighbourhood of that river, over the forces of Porus, on the shores of the Hydaspes. The Macedonian prince here found it necessary to urge his army onward by the hope of plunder; and thus encouraged, they undertook a dangerous voyage down the stream of the Indus, with a thousand ships, according to Quintus Curtius, and two thousand, if we are to believe the narratives of Ptolemy and Arrian.

The uniformity of the condition of these inhospitable territories for two thousand years, is shewn by many concurring circumstances in the accounts of the ancient historians, and the details of the modern traveller who is the author of this work, but who professes to have no acquaintance with the early writers. After Alexander had arrived at the ocean, intending himself to proceed by land towards Persepolis, he sent forward Leonatus to sink wells in the intervening desert, that his army might be supplied with water. The probability, however, is, that they were of no use to him; and that, when opened for a few hours, the water became impregnated with salt, as at the present time.

Alexander now entered on these extensive districts, having enlarged and fortified two cities, the one of which he denominated Nicæa, and the other Bucephalia, with a third called Patala; deeming them to be fit establishments at the extreme boundary of his dominions. While Nearchus was proceeding by sea, and a detachment which had been commanded by his general Craterus took the direction of the heights of Drangiana and Arachosia, (called by Mr. Pottinger the Wushutee Mountains,) the King pursued an intermediate course, and marched along the shores, endeavouring to maintain during his progress, but with little success, the communication with his fleet. The deserts which were thus traversed, and which by the classical writers are called the countries of the Arabitæ, Oritæ, Ichthyopagi, with the sterile regions of Gedrosia to the north, receive through their whole extent from Mr. Pottinger the names of Lussa, Beloochistan, and Mukran, and are included between the 58th and 68th degrees of east longitude, and between the 25th and 28th degrees of north latitude.

A march of five days brought the army to the river Ara-

bus, which in these travels is called the Sanganee; and the map of Mr. Pottinger, referring to this vicinity, clears up a difficulty which was felt by Dr. Vincent in his Voyage of Nearchus, as it appears that the bay intervening between the Indus and the Arabus was spacious enough to accommodate the number of ships, whatever computation be adopted.

In the country of Oritæ, which answers to eastern Lussa in our author, Alexander transferred the greater part of the army to Hephæstion, and with Ptolemy and Leonatus divided the command of the light forces, founding here a city, which he called Alexandria, on one of the branches of the Tomeurus, now named the Aghor. He next entered the country of the Ichthyophagi, or Fish-eaters, which are described by Quintus Curtius as a horde dispersed along a barren expanse, that never mingled with their neighbours in the fraternities of commerce, and with whom solitude aggravated their natural wildness. Their protending nails were never pared, their ropy locks were ever neglected. They garnished their huts with shells, and other excretions of the sea, covered themselves with the skins of beasts, and fed on fish dried in the sun, or monsters which the swell discharged.

These Ichthyophagi were also called Chenolophagi, or Turtle-eaters, which, both in the Greek and the English version, is a term of contempt, but in a very different sense: the one indicating compulsory abstinence, and the other voluntary gluttony.

The miserable condition of these deserts is shewn, both in the ancient and modern expedition, and the account indicates the total incapacity of receiving fertility from the labour and ingenuity of man. The Macedonians having consumed the provisions they brought with them, soon suffered the extremity of famine; the roots of the palm-tree were dug up for food, the horses were eaten, and the baggage, incapable of being transported, was burnt. Pestilence succeeded; and Alexander, stung to the heart at the destruction he witnessed around him, and which his inordinate ambition had alone occasioned, sent for supplies to Parthia and the surrounding provinces, and, not without considerable loss, at length reached the confines of the Persian Gulf, where we shall leave him, without further inquiry, he being there placed beyond the limits of Mr. Pottinger's expedition.

We have given this short view, to shew the connection between the ancient and the modern account of these coun-

tries, because we think some of the readers of Mr. Pottinger may not have in their recollection the contents of our school-books as to these situations, and we presume such persons will read this gentleman's travels with more profit and pleasure, having this reference to ancient story before them. But it is not true, as the author supposes, and some others of our contemporary critics who have followed him, that there is no intermediate account of these countries; the *Oriental Geography* of Ebn Haukal, an Arabian traveller of the tenth century, has been translated by Sir William Ouseley, and by him collated with another copy preserved in the library of Eton College. In page 143 of that curious and learned work, we have several particulars of eastern Pars (Persia), which would indicate a different state of society from that which we find at the two extremes of our chronology—the enterprise of Alexander, and the experiment (almost equally hardy) of Mr. Pottinger. Here it is said, that from the borders of Lashgird (probably Lussa) to the territories of Hormuz, the maritime emporium of the merchants in Kirman (Carmania), “the people are industrious and honest; they cultivate sugar, and eat bread made of millet. They give one-tenth of their dates to the King, like the people of Basrah; and whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers; and it happened one year, that half the dates were thus blown off the trees, yet the owner did not take one of them.”*

We are told in the preface, that, in the year 1810, the outlines of the present work were published, in an official report of a journey performed for the information of the British government; and there can be no doubt that Buonaparte, being then in the zenith of his power, and, like his prototype Alexander, contemplating new conquests towards India, expeditions of this kind were prudently directed, that the earliest knowledge might be obtained of his projects, and that the best means might be resorted to, to counteract his designs. It is in the same place properly

* The following account is given in the same writer of the decease of Alexander, after he had finished his expedition. He supposes that event to have taken place, not at Babylon, but at Madaien, a little town at a short distance from Bagdat. “It is said,” he observes, “that Zhu F’Kernein (Alexander the Great) found at that place the Divine Mandate (*i. e.* died there); but I suspect that this tradition is not true, because he was poisoned at the time of his returning from Cheen, and his coffin was taken to Alexandria to his mother.”

acknowledged, that some of the geographical and statistical facts inserted regarding Beloochistan, are derived from the valuable memoir of Lieut. Macdonald Kinneir; and that also Capt. William Maxwell's Official Communication, as well as the Report of Mr. Henry Ellis on the province of Sinde, have been resorted to.

The author, with Capt. Christie, of the Bombay Native Infantry, set off on the evening of the 2d of January, 1810, in a small boat from Bombay harbour, in the assumed character of agents of a Hindoo merchant of great wealth and respectability, and who was contractor with two of our East India governments for horses to serve in the cavalry. They soon arrived at Sommeany, and from thence commenced their arduous undertaking. On the 9th of February they reached the city of Kelat, the capital of the whole of Beloochistan; of the political condition of which, and the adjacent regions, we have the following account.

"The general complexion of the government at Kelat, and all over Beloochistan, cannot very easily be defined; and must necessarily be always fluctuating with the different views that the chiefs may have, or revolutions that occur. When Nusseer Khan was in his full power, the whole kingdom might have been said to have been governed by a complete despotism, because no one could dispute or abrogate any of his orders and laws; yet, at the same time, that ruler so tempered the supreme authority, by granting the feudal chiefs privileges within their own tribes, that, to a casual observer, it bore the appearance of a military confederation.

"The tribes all exercise the right of selecting their own Sirdar or head; but that office, when once fixed, appears to be hereditary. The Khan of Kelat, nevertheless, reserves to himself the nominal power of disapproving, or otherwise, of this selection; but I could not hear of a single instance of Nusseer Khan having attempted such a measure as refusing to confirm the nomination of the people; and since his son has been at the head of the government, it is hardly looked upon as necessary to report to him their proceedings on this subject.

"The city of Kedge and town of Gundava, the capitals of the provinces of Mukran and Kutch Gundava, were obliged to receive a Hakim, or governor, appointed by and subject to the pleasure of Nusseer Khan, although those places were inhabited by different tribes; which was deemed by the people to be so great an infringement on their natural rights, that the governor's authority had to be upheld by a considerable body of troops; and the moment Nusseer Khan died, the inhabitants expelled them from both places. Muhood Khan succeeded in enforcing his father's regulation in Gundava; but since that event Kedge has simply paid him a titular homage." (p. 289.)

The mission to the province of Sinde was directed from the same motives, which led to that to the King of Persia in 1808; and the resident at Bushire, Mr. N. H. Smith, was appointed the envoy, Mr. H. Ellis the first assistant, and Lieut. Robert Taylor and the author were the second and third assistants; Capt. Charles Christie having the command of the escort. In May, 1809, they landed at Kurachee, situated in one of the principal mouths of the Indus; and they afterwards proceeded to Hyderabad, which is the seat of government, and of which our author gives us the subsequent particulars.

“Hyderabad lies in latitude 25 deg. 22 min. north, longitude 68 deg. 41 min. east, on the eastern side of an island that is formed, as I have already stated, by the streams of the Indus and Fulelee. The nearest point of the former river bears from the fort west by south four miles, and the latter runs within one thousand paces of the foot of the precipice on which it is built, but sends off a creek sufficiently large to admit boats within a few yards of the fortifications, when the river itself is swollen. This fortress was built by Meer Futtuh Allee, an elder brother of the present princes, and is looked upon by the Sindians as strong enough to defy any attempt that might be made to reduce it, but it would make a poor defence against the regular approaches of an European enemy. The shape of the fortifications is entirely irregular, as they have been so fashioned as to correspond with the curves and angles of the hill. The walls are of brick, from fifteen to thirty feet high, and the foundations of them are placed on the very edge of the summit of the hill; there they are pretty thick and solid, but taper off so much towards the summit, and are so weakened by embrasures and the loop-holes with which they are pierced, that a very few well-directed shot would demolish any part of them, and expose the people on the ramparts to the fire of musketry. The round towers that flank the whole are erected in judicious positions, at intervals of three or four hundred paces, and combined with the steepness of the hill, have an imposing appearance; but the latter is of too soft and friable a stone to be scarp'd, and the slope is such, that the rubbish, from a breach made in the wall, would rest upon it, and materially assist troops in storming the place, by affording them secure footing.

“On the northern side there is a dry ditch, that has a bridge across it leading to the gate, which is protected by an immense bastion built over it. There are about seventy pieces of cannon mounted on the works of Hyderabad; but, with the exception of eight or ten pieces of heavy metal in the bastion over the gate, they are all said to be small and in bad order. The Pettah, or suburb, lies to the northward of the fortress, on a rising piece of ground, and consists of two thousand five hundred houses, with a population of ten

thousand souls. Inside the fort there is nearly an equal number of houses, but not one-half so many people, who are chiefly soldiers. The principal manufactures of Hyderabad are of various kinds of arms, such as matchlocks, spears, swords, &c. and embroidered cloths. The former alone are stated to afford occupation to one-fifth of the inhabitants of the suburbs, and some of their workmanship is hardly to be distinguished from that of European artists." (p. 371.)

We applaud the courage of Lieut. Henry Pottinger and his companions, that has procured for us the materials of these travels; but he certainly did not possess those endowments which are calculated to render such expeditions diffusely instructive. It may, however, be said, that the countries he visited were so simple in their principles of government, so uniform in their manners, and so limited in their natural productions, that profound skill in either moral or physical science would have had a very restricted circuit in which it could be employed; and it would scarcely be expected, or perhaps wished, that men so eminently qualified should engage their strength of mind or body in such unpromising situations.

The work is elegantly printed, and is provided with a map on an extensive scale; yet the geographical descriptions, as far as they depend on Mr. Pottinger, are those in which we have the least confidence, as they are under no circumstances prepared from actual surveys of the regions he traversed, however desirable might have been such a scientific mode of proceeding in these *terra incognita*.

ART. VIII.—*Essays in Rhyme, on Morals and Manners.*
By JANE TAYLOR, Author of "*Display*," a Tale, &c.
London, Taylor and Hessey, 1816. 12mo. pp. 174.

WE have not had an opportunity of seeing any of the productions of Miss Taylor but that before us, and we regret it on account of the pleasure we have received in the perusal of these *Essays in Rhyme*. The title, whether we take the word *Essay* to mean an attempt, or a species of discourse, is equally unassuming; and the motto from Gresset, reminds us of an author whose lively facility Miss Taylor has, in some degree, successfully rivalled. In a graver moral style she is sometimes not less happy, without any of the affectations of deep thought, which are often nothing better than acknowledged truisms,—and of pro-

found sagacity, generally not exceeding the penetration of the half-educated teacher of a boarding-school. There have been very few writers, in modern times, who have not formed their style upon some model or other: as in the occupations of active life success generally depends upon suiting the employment to the habits and inclinations of the individuals, so in the business of authorship it is often secured by the choice of a proper object—not of servile copying, but of legitimate imitation.

Cowper appears to us to have been the person to whose matter and manner Miss Taylor has endeavoured to make her subjects bear a resemblance: perhaps our phrase is too strong, when we say that she has *endeavoured* to do so, for the similarity is not the effect of design; but warmly admiring, as she appears to do, the works of that delightful author, it is, perhaps, the almost unconscious result of the pleasurable emotions received from them. Miss Taylor, we are confident, judging from what is before us, has too much good sense not to know that she is inferior to her model in many particulars; but the chief difference is this, (and as to the effect of both it is important,) that though Miss Taylor, like Cowper, has a mind imbued with religious feelings, yet he in his poems did not make them quite so obvious—he left the moral often to be drawn by the good sense of his reader; while Miss Taylor dwells long upon it, and sometimes with a display of a little too much of sectarian tenets. In general, however, we admit that her notions of morality, and its great source, religion, are enlightened and liberal.

Miss Taylor possesses a degree of acuteness, of good-natured shrewdness, and of humorous observation, seldom exceeded: several specimens of it are to be found in the volume before us, to which we shall proceed without further general remarks. The observation in the preceding paragraph does not at all apply to the subsequent piece upon an old subject, but treated with much truth and pleasantry.

“ —We took our work, and went, you see,
To take an early cup of tea.
We did so now and then, to pay
The friendly debt, and so did they:
Not that our friendship burnt so bright
That all the world could see the light;
'Twas of the ordinary *genus*,
And little love was lost between us:

We lov'd, I think, about as true
As such near neighbours mostly do.

" 'At first, we all were somewhat dry;—
Mamma felt cold, and so did I:
Indeed, that room, sit where you will,
Has draught enough to turn a mill.'
'I hope you're warm,' says Mrs. G.
'O, quite so,' says mamma, *says she*;
'I'll take my shawl off by and by.—
'This room is always warm,' *says I*.

" At last, the tea came up, and so,
With that, our tongues begun to go.
Now, in that house you're sure of knowing
The smallest scrap of news that's going;—
We find it *there* the wisest way
To take some care of what we say.****

" 'Pray, ma'am,' says I, 'has poor Miss A.
Been left as *handsome* as they say?'
'My dear,' says she, 'tis no such thing—
She'd nothing but a mourning-ring.
But is it not *uncommon* mean
To wear that rusty bombazeen?'
'She had,' says I, 'the very same,
Three years ago, for—what's his name?'—
'The Duke of *Brunswick*,—very true,
And has not bought a thread of new,
I'm positive,' said Mrs. G.—
So then we laugh'd, and drank our tea.***

" 'Miss F.' says I, 'is said to be
A sweet young woman, Mrs. G.'
'O, excellent! I hear,' she cried;
O, truly so! mamma replied.
'How old should you suppose her, pray?—
She's older than she looks, they say.'
'Really,' says I, 'she seems to me
Not more than twenty-two or three.'
'O, then you're wrong,' says Mrs. G.
'Their upper servant told our *Jane*,
She'll not see twenty-nine again.'
'Indeed, so old! I wonder why
She does not marry, then,' says I;
'So many thousands to bestow,
And such a beauty, too, you know.'
'A beauty! O, my dear Miss B.
You must be joking, now," says she;

Her *figure's* rather pretty,'—' Ah!
That's what *I* say,' replied mamma.

" 'Miss F.' says I, ' I've understood,
Spends all her time in doing good :
The people say, her coming down
Is quite a blessing to the town.'
At that our hostess fetch'd a sigh,
And shook her head ; and so, says I,
It's very kind of her, I'm sure,
To be so generous to the poor.'
' No doubt,' says she ; ' 'tis very true ;
Perhaps there may be *reasons* too :—
You know some people like to pass
For *patrons* with the lower class.'

" And here I break my story's thread,
Just to remark, that what she said,
Although I took the other part,
Went like a cordial to my heart.

" Some inuendos more had pass'd,
Till out the scandal came at last.
' Come, then, I'll tell you something more,'
Says she,—' Eliza, shut the door.—
I would not trust a creature here,
For all the world, but you, my dear.
Perhaps it's false—I wish it may,
—But let it go no further, pray !'
' O,' says mamma, ' you need not fear ;
We never mention what we hear.'
' Indeed, we shall not, Mrs. G.'
Says I, again, impatiently :
And so, we drew our chairs the nearer,
And whispering, lest the child should hear her,
She told a tale, at least too *long*
To be repeated in a song ;
We panting every breath between
With curiosity and spleen.
And how we did enjoy the sport !
And echo every faint report,
And answer every candid doubt,
And turn her motives inside out,
And holes in all her virtues pick,
Till we were sated, almost sick." (p. 108—114.)

The Germans have a saying, (and other nations too, perhaps,) that "there is but one bad wife in the world, but every man thinks it his own ; so, as applied to the poem

above inserted, we may say, that every mother thinks there is but one family in the world where scandal does not form a part of the amusement, and that family is her own.— People in general would imagine, that such a piece as this would tend materially to diminish this love of character-killing, but, from the self-delusion of poor human nature, it has rather an opposite tendency: all equally despise *Mrs. Candour* in the “*School for Scandal*,” but all easily persuade themselves that, between her and themselves, there is not the slightest resemblance; and warranted by this conviction, they pursue their malignant occupation with redoubled ardour: we can all point out families in our own circle to whom such satire as that extracted applies, but we never can discover that the cap fits ourselves. We have seldom met with two characters drawn more to the life than the following, of the mayor of a country borough and his wife:—

“ In yonder red-brick mansion, tight and square,
Just at the town’s commencement, lives the mayor.
Some yards of shining gravel, fenc’d with box,
Lead to the painted portal—where one knocks:
There, in the left-hand parlour, all in state,
Sit he and she, on either side the grate.
But though their goods and chattels, sound and new,
Bespeak the owners *very well to do*,
His worship’s wig and morning-suit betray
Slight indications of an humbler day.

“ That long, low shop, where still the name appears,
Some doors below, they kept for forty years:
And there, with various fortunes, smooth and rough,
They sold tobacco, coffee, tea, and snuff.
There labell’d draw’rs display their spicy row,—
Clove, mace, and nutmeg: from the ceiling low
Dangle long *twelves* and *eights*, and slender rush,
Mix’d with the varied forms of *genus brush*:
Cask, firkin, bag, and barrel, crowd the floor,
And piles of country cheeses guard the door.
The frugal dames came in from far and near,
To buy their ounces and their quarters here.
Hard was the toil, the profits slow to count;
And yet the mole-hill was at last a mount:
Those petty gains were hoarded day by day,
With little cost, (nor chick, nor child, had they.)
Till, long proceeding on the saving plan,
He found himself a *warm, fore-handed man*:

And being now arrived at life's decline,
 Both he and she, they formed the bold design,
 (Although it touch'd their prudence to the quick)
 To turn their savings into stone and brick.
 How many a cup of tea, and pinch of snuff,
 There must have been consumed to make enough!

" At length, with paint and paper, bright and gay,
 The box was finish'd, and they went away.
 But when their faces were no longer seen
 Amongst the canisters of *black* and *green*,
 —Those well-known faces, all the country round—
 'Twas said, that had they levell'd to the ground
 The two old walnut-trees before the door,
 The customers would not have missed *them* more.
 Now, like a pair of parrots in a cage,
 They live, and civic honours crown their age:
 Thrice, since the Whitsuntide they settled there,
 Seven years ago, has he been chosen mayor:
 And now you'd scarcely know they were the same—
 Conscious he struts of power, and wealth, and fame;
 Proud in official dignity, the dame;
 And extra stateliness of dress and mien,
 During the mayorlty, is plainly seen;
 With nicer care bestow'd to puff and pin
 The august lappet that contains her chin." (p. 1—4.)

This is followed by a series of moral and religious reflexions, drawn out under the title of *Prejudice*, upon the disposition and habits of the lady; of whom Miss Taylor well says—

" Were but her brain dissected, it would show
 Her stiff opinions fasten'd in a row,
 Rang'd duly, side by side, without a gap,—
 Much like the plaiting on her Sunday cap."

We lament that we have not room to give a specimen of sufficient length to do the serious observations full justice, but they are dictated by good sense, and flow from an observing mind, that draws knowledge from the most ordinary occurrences.

The essay, intituled "Poetry and Reality," is directed obviously against Mr. Southey, and the poem which he published among his *Juvenilia*, beginning, if we rightly recollect,

" Go thou unto the house of prayer,
 I to the woodland wend my way,
 And seek Religion there," &c.

To this Miss Taylor replies at much length, endeavouring to prove, that the creed of all who so think, is only Deism in disguise. The whole is somewhat too argumentative for verse, but we will give a short extract from it.

“ But we have seen a high-flown, mental thing,
As fine and fragile as *libella's* wing;
All soul and intellect, th' ethereal mind
Scarcely within its earthly house confin'd;
On Heav'n oft casting an enraptur'd eye,
And paying compliments to the Most High;—
And yet, though harsh the judgment seem to be,
As far from Heav'n, as far from God, as he:
Yes, might the bold assertion be forgiv'n,
A poet's soul may miss the road to Heav'n!***

“ But, gentle poet, wherefore not repair
To yonder temple? God is worshipp'd there.
Nay, wherefore should he?—wherefore not address
The God of Nature in that green recess;
Surrounded by His works, and not confin'd
To rites adapted to the vulgar mind?
There he can sit, and thence his soul may rise,
Caught up in contemplation, to the skies,
And worship Nature's God on Reason's plan:—
—It is delusion, self-applauding man!
The God of Nature is the God of Grace;
The contrite spirit is his dwelling-place;
And thy proud off'ring, made by reason's light,
Is all abomination in His sight.

“ Let him distinguish (if he can indeed)
Wherein *his* differs from the deist's creed:—
O, he approves the Bible, thinks it true;
(No matter if he ever read it through)
Admits the evidence that some reject,
For the Messiah professes great respect,
And owns the sacred poets often climb
Up to the standard of the true sublime.
Is this then all? is this the utmost reach
Of what man learns when God descends to teach?
And is this all—and were such wonders wrought,
And tongues, and signs, and miracles, for nought?
If this be all, his reason's utmost scope,
Where rests his faith, his practice, and his hope?

We have thus endeavoured to give a sketch of the general nature and tendency of Miss Taylor's production: if, to the good principles she there inculcates, she adds an active

spirit of benevolence—not merely displaying itself in the ostentatious mockery of Sunday schools, set up by the paltry patronage of a village—we may venture to assert, that she will be one of the most useful women society has for a long time known.

ART. IX.—*Carnot ; sa Vie Politique et Privée ; contenant des particularités intéressantes qui n'ont jamais été imprimées, &c.* A Paris, chez Delaunay, Palais Royal, 1 vol. 1816. 8vo. pp. 214.

WE have very recently looked through the shop of almost every bookseller in Paris, in order to find, as a subject for review, some new work of general interest and value ; but, whether from the regulations imposed upon the French press, or from the present unsettled state of the public mind in that country, or from both these causes combined, we could discover no publication at all answering to our wishes. Excepting novels and fugitive pieces of the lightest kind, within the last five or six months, few but political works, and those only on one side of the question, have been printed ; and we had, consequently, to make our selection from books which would give little entertainment to English readers. We might, it is true, have given an article on a new heroic poem, in five cantos, published under the title of “ *Les Bourbons ;*” but the grossness of the adulation of this author, who seems to have epics at command for every occasion, would have been as disgusting as his general insipidity and inanity would have been wearisome. We took the pains to wade through two of his five cantos, and we can assure our readers, that the only recompense we received was an occasional laugh at some ridiculous absurdity : in one place, Louis XVIII. is represented as visited by the shades of Henry IV. and Louis XIV., who jointly and severally confer upon him all the requisites of a wise and glorious monarch ; and so fulsome is the flattery in some parts, that, taken by themselves, the passages would appear to ordinary readers as successful efforts at ironical satire. Another work of a similar character, in many respects, is intitled “ *Henri IV. peint par lui même,*” which is entirely a eulogy of the reigning Prince, and of the measures of his government. We might enumerate about twenty more, (independently of productions of the grossest kind,) pretending to disclose the cabinet secrets of Buonaparte, or to detail the supposed debaucheries of him—

self and his family: one of the latter, at present in much request, is called "*Les Amours de N. Buonaparte et sa famille*," in which the author, to please the taste of his royalist-readers, gives the most flagitious accounts of the pretended enormities of an individual, whom, only a few years ago, he eulogized by the loftiest hyperboles, in a pamphlet called "*Les Noces des Empires de France et Allemagne*."

None of these productions would be worthy even of the notice we have given of them, but for the purpose of shewing, in some degree, the present state of the press in France, which we do not attribute, as we have above remarked, more to the severe regulations under which it labours, than to the unavoidable circumstances of the country:—such works are the mere trash of the times, and impose upon no persons whom it is important not to deceive: whatever their title-pages profess, their subjects indicate the degree of reliance to be placed of their details; but the remark will not apply equally to the work before us, "*Carnot, sa Vie Politique et Privée*," which, although anonymous, is generally known to be written by an individual of some literary eminence, and which purports to give "*particularités intéressantes qui n'ont jamais été imprimées*," with historical fidelity. In many parts of it, the author repeats his assertions of perfect impartiality, with all the anxiety of a person who is conscious that he does not deserve to be believed; but no where does he do so more ludicrously than in the opening of the *Avant-propos*:—"Il paraît d'abord difficile (he says) à l'historien impartial, de peindre au naturel un homme qui fut deux fois à la tête du gouvernement, deux fois proscrit pour deux causes bien différentes, deux fois complice de la destruction d'un trône héréditaire, en un mot, du trop fameux Carnot; mais la difficulté cesse pour peu qu'on observe que le même homme, encore chéri de quelques uns, et détesté des autres, s'est attiré par sa conduite, surtout depuis deux ans, l'animadversion de son souverain et de quiconque aime le maintien du gouvernement légitime, l'extinction de tout germe révolutionnaire, et la tranquillité de son pays."—This is, in truth, to say that, while some admire, and others condemn Carnot, it ceases to be difficult to be impartial, because he has incurred the animadversion of his sovereign. A little further on, after adverting to Carnot's two celebrated pamphlets, he exclaims: "Voilà pourtant l'idole de quelques hommes égarés ou factieux! Voilà le prétendu Caton qu'il faut entière-

ment démasquer, l'hypocrite cent fois plus dangereux sans doute que le Ministre son collègue, que tous les Français maintenant connaissent et abhorrent. Il ne nous appartient point de faire ici l'apologie de cet ouvrage ; mais nous pouvons certifier l'authenticité de toutes les particularités jusqu'à ce moment inconnues, que nous y rapportons, et nous aimons à croire que le public nous saura quelque gré d'avoir, en refutant les mensonges et les paradoxes politiques de Carnot, soutenu la nécessité et apprécié les avantages du gouvernement partenel sous lequel nous avons le bonheur de vivre."

One of the many evils of a licensed press is, that works which are permitted to be printed, are supposed by many of their readers to have received, not only the allowance, but the approbation of the government; which is thereby made a party to all the fabrications, and a supporter of all the arguments they contain: this has been more especially the case with the volume on our table, which has been widely circulated in all parts of France, and has been swallowed by some as a sort of authenticated official refutation of the productions of Carnot, to vindicate his vote against Louis XVI., and his conduct during what is fashionably called the interregnum of France, viz. the period between the expulsion and return of Louis XVIII. We do not charge the author of this volume with any absolute misstatement of facts which are in the knowledge of most of the inhabitants of Europe, but at least he has perverted and distorted them; and has besides, among his *particularités intéressantes*, as he calls them, inserted, merely on his own unsupported authority, anecdotes, some of which contradict themselves, and other matters which come in a most questionable shape. We shall notice some of these as we proceed. This impartial writer, who professes to pay such devotion to "la vérité de l'histoire," opens his work in these terms:—

" Quand du milieu des débris d'un trône, relevé deux fois par la justice nationale et par le vœu de tous les peuples, on entend sans cesse un nouvel Erostrate s'écrier d'une voix lugubre, mais audacieuse encore, qu'il n'a point porté une main sacrilège sur ce trône; quand, après avoir participé à l'assassinat du meilleur des rois, il ose imputer cette atrocité à une nation entière, qui la désavoue avec toute l'horreur qu'elle inspire: quel est l'écrivain, le Français, qui pourrait contenir son indignation, garder le silence, et ne point déchirer le reste du voile dont cet hypocrite s'efforce de se couvrir encore? Telle est la tâche que nous nous sommes imposée. Celui

qui n'a pas craint de tremper son pinceau dans la boue et le sang pour esquisser le portrait de Fouché, pourrait-il épargner Carnot, son collègue, son collaborateur, son complice ?

“ Carnot naquit à Nolay, en Bourgogne, le 13 Mai, 1755, d'un père avocat ; il se distingua dans ses études : mais les palmes qu'il cueillit à la fin de chaque année scolaire furent aussi nuisibles, pour l'avenir, à la moralité de ses principes politiques, que chers, pour le moment à son amour-propre. Né dans ce malheureux temps où régnait le philosophisme de Voltaire, de Jean Jacques Rousseau, de Raynal, et de mille autres fous, si improprement appelés *esprits forts*, le jeune Carnot courbé sous des lauriers aussi perfides qu'agréables, n'en suça qu'avec plus d'avidité ce virus démagogique, dont on laisse imprégnés encore tous les ouvrages des principaux auteurs classiques, Grecs et Latins, qu'on met entre les mains des élèves, sans songer qu'on leur présentant comme autant de traits héroïques, le dévouement de Mutius Scévola, la férocité des deux Brutus, et la mort de Caton d'Utique, on remplit du poison d'un républicanisme impolitique les cœurs des jeunes gens faits pour vivre sous une monarchie.*

“ Le jeune élève ne quitta Démosthène et Cicéron, que pour adopter Jean Jacques Rousseau, l'auteur à la mode à cette époque ; Rousseau, qu'on pourrait avec raison surnommer le *Bonaparte* du dernier siècle, sous le rapport politique. Ce sophiste, aussi dangereux par son éloquence, que par ses paradoxes, devint son auteur favori : à quinze ans il savait, dit on, par cœur, le *Contrat Social*, c'est à dire le code le plus antisocial qu'un esprit déréglé ait pu concevoir.”

Making every allowance for the extreme loyalty of the author's mind, and for the consequent enmity he feels against Carnot, we may appeal to our readers, if they ever read more vulgar and senseless abuse than we have above extracted. We might have forgiven the narrow-minded bigotry which, in such a sweeping sentence, condemns the ablest authors of his own country ; but the manner in which he censures the study of the classics, as impregnating young minds with too much of the love of liberty, by inculcating anti-monarchic principles, is surely below contempt. Yet this is a work widely disseminated, and much read, and which some venture to suppose has the sanction of the present government of France. The writer of the volume in our hands then goes on to state, that Carnot studied with much success the higher branches of mathematics and engi-

* On ne saurait exprimer combien de pareils exemples échauffent les têtes des jeunes élèves. Camille Desmoulins convenait qu'il ne devait sa démagogie qu'aux idées républicaines qu'il avait puisées dans les auteurs Grecs et Latins ; et ce furent ces idées que le conduisirent à l'échafaud.

neering, and that he was patronised by the Prince of Condé; but he gives us no relation of any event until the breaking out of the French Revolution, in which, as is known, Carnot took a considerable share: we quote the following passage, as the only one which, in the remotest degree, savours of that impartiality and liberality in which the author professes to write.

“ On a généralement accordé a Carnot des talens pour les sciences, et des moyens pour l'administration, mêmes des qualités personnelles qui l'ont fait distinguer autrefois des fameux révolutionnaires, ses collègues. Ou ne lui a jamais reproché ni la demagogie effrénée de Robespierre, ni la férocité de Couthon ou de Bellaud de Varrennes, ni la versatilité ambitieuse et perfide de Fouché, ni l'audacieuse et sotte presumption de Marat. Plut à Dieu qu'en 1814 il eût oublié d'écrire! Mais on a constamment observé dans sa conduite, un esprit beaucoup trop prononcé pour un independence voisine de la licence et de l'anarchie.”

We have then an account of some of the principal events of the Revolution, with extracts from, and comments upon, documents written by Carnot. In the course of these transactions, it was Carnot's fate, on a change of parties, to be proscribed; and, according to this author, Barras (who was then in power) or General Augereau, had given orders to four soldiers to seize and behead him. The mode in which Carnot escaped is thus told; and it is one of those anecdotes which depend solely on the veracity of the relater, and is probably without a shadow of truth: the facts, indeed, seem to afford their own contradiction.

“ Le hazard nous fit connaître un homme dont le témoignage détruit incontestablement ces calomnies; c'était Maupas, ancien fournisseur des armées: trois jours après le 18 fructidor, il rencontra, près de Bondy, un charretier qui lui était parfaitement connu; c'était Cap*** voiturier de la Chapelle, il était accompagné d'un valet, qu'il avait revêtu de ses habits; ils s'abordent et continuent la route ensemble. Arrivés à Bondy, ils s'arrêtent à une auberge, et boivent une bouteille; le valet est de la partie; ce dernier était ni gai, ni triste; mais il ne dit mot: après avoir bu deux coups et mangé une croûte de pain sec, il prit son fouet, et alla faire baigner les chevaux.

“ Le charretier s'approche de plus près de Maupas. ‘ Savez vous, lui dit-il, avec qui nous venous de boire?—avec votre domestique— Ecoutez: je puis compter sur votre discrétion? C'est Carnot; surtout gardez-vous de lui faire présumer que vous le connaissez, il est entrepide, mais ombrageux; dans sa position, il est permis de l'être.’ Maupas, qui du temps du comité du salut public, avait eu, en sa qualité de fournisseur, différens entretiens avec Carnot, aurait pu le

reconnaître ; mais il y a si loin du costume d'un gouvernant à celui d'un valet de charretier !

“ Ils firent encore quelques lieues ensemble ; Maupas ne pouvait se lasser de contempler le directeur devenu valet ; il admirait surtout la docilité des chevaux à sa voix. Pour la honte de l'espèce humaine, il lui fut aisé de se convaincre qu'il est bien plus facile de conduire des chevaux que des hommes.”

The whole spirit of the book may be said to be contained in the last reflection, which is intended once more in France to inculcate the exploded doctrine of passive obedience, a topic much discussed in this volume ; the improbabilities of the story which gave rise to it need not be pointed out. A little farther on it is asserted, that Carnot received from Bonaparte 100,000 francs, the arrears of his pension while in disgrace, and an engagement for the annual payment of 25,000 francs for secret services he had rendered ; and having touched upon the conduct of Carnot on the return of Napoleon from Elba, the author speaks of the proclamations, secret messages, and false reports circulated by Carnot among the pupils of the Lyceum in favour of his master ; he adds, that it is very true, that Carnot has denied the charge in his exposé ; but he observes, that if they were not written by him, they were by some body else, *which is all the same* ; and this very fair conclusion against the subject of his memoir, is succeeded by an extract from a supposed letter to the pupils, which is only authenticated by the statement of the writer, that it fell into his hands by accident. We afterwards meet with the following passages, which we translate for the sake of brevity :—

“ It seems that Carnot remained faithful to the usurper until the moment when he learnt that the Congress would not listen to him, nor receive his dispatches ; he no longer doubted for an instant the danger which threatened France and himself ; the Allied Sovereigns were determined, if necessary, to rouse all Europe against the French armies ; he knew well that the nation would never have taken up arms again but for the protection of the return of its legitimate Sovereign.

“ From that day the danger became more imminent ; Belgia was filling with English, Hanoverians, Scots, Prussians, and Dutch ; the banks of the Rhine were in an equal degree inundated with foreign troops ; Switzerland, in breach of her neutrality, declared in favour of the coalition ; the French territory might every moment be invaded from all quarters. What then was to be done to save his fortune and his life under such perilous circumstances ? Only two ex-

pedients remained—an appeal to the people of France, for the purpose of attempting a levy en masse, or an immediate negotiation with the enemy.

“The latter game appeared the most easy and certain. We are assured that, for this purpose, Carnot had a private interview with Fouché at his house in the Rue Cérutti; and that, at a long conference they afterwards had, it was agreed that Fouché should instantly commence a negotiation to preserve the fortunes and lives of Carnot and himself.”

Then comes one of those relations which may very fairly be pronounced absolutely false; and the reason is obvious, because the author produces no better authority than his own to substantiate it;—it is one of those “particularités intéressantes qui n’ont jamais été imprimées,” and we may add, *jamais arrivées*. We give the writer’s own words.

“Voici un fait qui vient à l’appui de ce que nous venons de rapporter. Quelques jours après cet arrangement des deux ministres, nous rencontrâmes au Luxembourg un exconventionnel, qui deux jours auparavant était extrêmement gai, mais qui dans ce moment, était plongé dans la plus profonde tristesse; nous l’abordons et nous lui demandons le motif de ce changement. ‘Helas! nous dit-il, j’attendais tout de Carnot, il y a quelques jours, et le misérable nous a trahis; *il a sa grâce dans sa poche*.’—Telles furent ces expressions; il ajouta: ‘Carnot m’a donné rendez-vous pour demain; il veut me réintégrer dans la place de chef de division que l’on m’ota l’année dernière; mais je ne le verrai plus; il ne vaut pas plus que Fouché.’

“En achevant ces mots, il me quitta brusquement pour aller se livrer seul à ses réflexions; j’oubliais de dire que le conventionnel tenait cette particularité si importante d’un ancien collègue à la convention, ami intime et confident du ministre de l’intérieur.”

Shortly after the insertion of this supposed conversation, the author states some few facts well known to all the world connected with the abdication of Bonaparte; and just mentioning the retirement of Carnot to Cerny, he concludes the first part of his work, of which our readers have seen enough to be aware, that the character we gave of it in the outset was not undeserved; one half may be said to be composed of abuse, and the other of perversion and falsehood in equal proportions. The latter pages consist of what the writer is pleased to term “un examen impartial” of Carnot’s exposé on his political conduct subsequent to the 1st July, 1814.—We cannot deny that in this critique, as well as in other parts of the work, there is a display of some ingenuity and talent; but we are constantly disgusted with the coarseness of the language, and with the unfair expedients which are

resorted to, to gain the approbation of the royal party. We say this without meaning to enter into the merits of the question; for we are not here called upon to state any opinion as to the conduct of Carnot, or of those who have thus pursued him into his solitude.—“On sait (concludes the author) qu'il s'est rendu en Russie; mais on ignore, jusqu'à ce moment, le lieu positif de sa résidence. En quelque endroit du monde qu'il se trouve, puisse-t-il s'oublier, s'il est possible, et surtout se faire oublier du reste des hommes.”

On the impolicy of the conduct of the government possessing a controul over its press, in allowing a work of the kind to be published at this moment, we need not remark: the truly enlightened of all parties must condemn it, and however despicable, in many points of view, it has not been found to be below indignation.

ART. X.—*The Attempt to divorce the Princess of Wales impartially considered, more particularly in Reference to the probability of Success.* London, Ridgway: 8vo. Pp. 25. 1816.

WE confess that we have not much taste for dissertations on the private concerns of royal personages, and if we notice such subjects, as they are obtruded upon our attention, it is not to provoke but to prevent discussion. In the autumn of the last year, we had a correspondence on the marriage of the Duchess of Cumberland, in which her Majesty was a principal party: in the spring of the preceding, we had an interchange of letters, in which the same illustrious lady shewed her talent at epistolary composition; and we do not think that some of the exalted parties in these circumstances shewed either the temper or the decorum that should on a question of prudence justify them in attracting the observation of the public with regard to their domestic concerns. We had also some time since a series of documents in the journals of the day connected with matters of extreme delicacy, that excited both disgust and regret in the breast of every loyal subject of the kingdom. But we are anxious not to be mistaken; we object much less to the effect than to the cause—much less to the fact of publication than to the conduct which gave rise to this notoriety.

The design of the pamphlet before us entirely coincides with our views as to avoiding publicity in such matters, and we attribute that merit to the author which his intention

deserves; but he positively assumes what we are yet inclined to doubt, "that an attempt will be made next session of Parliament to dissolve the marriage between the Prince Regent and the Princess;" and he assigns as the motive of this proceeding, "to enable his Royal Highness to marry again, and to afford him a chance of having a male heir to the crown."

If such be the purpose of the court and the ministry, we are exceedingly happy to read in the character of the times in which we live the probability of a very different issue from that which took place on numerous occasions under the despotism of Henry VIII. That barbarous prince had a cabinet at his foot, a parliament that vied with his council in servility, and a people without the hope of rescue from vassalage, with no British press to crush his projects. If we value the liberty we enjoy, there is no one circumstance in the protracted reign of our venerable sovereign that can induce us more highly to appreciate it, than the ability it affords us of controlling a project which would determine,

"Whether the Princess Charlotte, and the child she will soon bear, shall succeed to the crown or not—and which is in truth the same thing, whether, upon the decease of the Prince Regent, an event not very remote by the course of nature, there shall be a sovereign of complete age, and of a character well known to the country, or an infant, in whose name the Duke of York may reign, if a competition does not arise between the Princess Charlotte and the Commander in Chief of the army for the regency of the realm?" (p. 6.)

The author, having attempted to remove the hesitation which we and others feel in allowing the existence of the design to divorce the Princess, and having asserted that the business is to be brought forward under the auspices of ministers, and those whose political importance rests principally upon their devotion to the interests of Carlton House, passes on to inquire into the nature of the proceeding likely to be adopted.

"We are to consider the course which the business will probably take. To proceed in Doctors' Commons would be manifestly absurd.—The rules of the House of Lords require, indeed, a sentence of separation there, as a necessary step to be taken before a divorce-bill can be brought in; but they likewise require a verdict and damages in a court of common law, and surely no one contemplates the Prince Regent bringing an action for criminal conversation. Besides, in a suit for separation the defendant may recriminate; which might give rise to much delay and embarrassment. A bill in the nature of an extraordinary proceeding, like an attainder, or a bill of

pains and penalties, seems more likely to be the course. Let us consider next how this bill must be carried through." (p. 8.)

If the author in speaking of a bill of pains and penalties, refer to such acts of parliament, as would inflict punishments beyond, or contrary to law, passed *pro re natâ* and have no concern with the existing law, we do not think these within the present consideration; but the bill of attainder is brought into Parliament for condemning, attainting, and executing the accused party, for treason. The measure which the author supposes to be intended, is of the most awful character. When, says Mr. Justice Blackstone, it is "clear beyond dispute that the criminal is no longer fit to live on earth, but is to be exterminated as a monster, and a bane to human society, the law sets a note of infamy upon him, puts him out of its protection, and takes no further care of him than barely to see him executed. He is then called attain, *attinctus*, stained or blackened."

The ground of such a proceeding may be the violation of the wife of the King's eldest son, which is high treason in both parties, if both be consenting;* and the purpose of this law is to guard the blood-royal from any suspicion of bastardy, that might render the succession to the crown dubious.

In the case of Catherine Howard, wife of Henry VIII. the course pursued was suited to the times. "On the 16th of January, 1541-2, the Chancellor moved the Lords to consider the King's case, in relation to the Queen's incontinence, when a committee was sent to examine Her Majesty in the Tower. Upon the report of this committee, a bill was brought in, wherein the House petition the King, that she with the bawd, Lady Rochford, be attainted of high treason; and that both suffer the pains of death."† The Chancellor on this occasion, acquainted each House, that the Queen had acknowledged "the great crime of which she had been guilty."‡

With regard to the probable conduct of Her Royal Highness in the event of the proceeding being instituted, we have the subsequent remarks.

* To violate a Princess Dowager of the eldest son, is not treason. There is no peculiar protection for the wives of the younger sons of the King. Prior to the 25 Edw. III. it was high treason not only to violate the daughter of the King, but also the nurses of his children.

† State trials from the Norman conquest.

‡ Parliamentary History of England, vol. 3. p. 181.

"It will be necessary that the Princess should appear.—She cannot be divorced unheard, unless a very long time be given her, and that she refuse to defend herself. The question then is, will she appear or not? An innocent person, it may be said, cannot do otherwise than meet a charge in person; and so, undoubtedly, would the Princess of Wales, if she were to be tried by a court of justice.—But it may reasonably be doubted whether common prudence would justify her in coming before the *majorities* of the two Houses of Parliament, in a case, judicial indeed as far as regards names and forms, but political in the highest degree, as far as the substance is concerned. We do not, indeed, think she would run any great risk of having the usual ministerial majorities against her, as we shall presently shew; but can *she* be expected to feel secure of this, seeing as she does, every measure carried which the government proposes? She formerly threw herself upon the House of Commons, and was protected; but she at the same time had the unanimous voice of the country with her." (p. 8—10.)

Selden refers to some precedents for "matters done beyond the seas:" particularly among others, to the celebrated cases of Latimer and John Nevil, and West and Gomeniz, in the reign of Edward III. and Richard II.

The case of Thomas Mortimer occurred in the 21 Rich. II, when the Lords, appellants, and the Commons, accused him of treason. The King had sent his mandate by a serjeant at arms, commanding him to come and answer. Mortimer having notice of it, "withdrew himself among the wild Irish, where the same Serjeant nor any other officer of the King durst come for fear of death. Wherefore, for that his offences were notorious, they prayed judgment." The Lords upon this awarded proclamation in England and Ireland "commanding Thomas Mortimer to appear in three months, and they awarded if he came not, that he should be declared a traitor, and convict of all the treasons of which he is accused. He came not, and judgment was given."*

"To conclude," says Selden, "it is the just and constant course of Parliament, to bring the party accused to his answer; yea though he fly justice, to send out proclamations into the countries that he appear at a day, or else such and such judgment shall be given against him."

The writer next adverts to the length of time the initiative business must occupy.

"A measure of so extraordinary a nature, wholly unprecedented, and touching the highest matters of law and state, cannot be hurried

* Selden on Judicature in Parliament, vol. 3. p. 1620.

through like an inclosure or a turnpike-bill. We do not at present deny that this is the right form of proceeding, but we contend that it requires to be most deliberately gone about, and carefully watched, and that in every stage, they who urge the propriety of delay will be favorably listened to. It cannot be brought in without much preliminary inquiry. There must be committees of both houses to examine evidence; counsel must be allowed to attend on Her Royal Highness's part as soon as she pleases to make her appearance; the committee must report;—and the report being considered, leave must, upon mature consideration, be given to bring in the bill. Now all this delay is obviously most material to the question of ultimate success in various ways." (p. 11—12.)

Personal appearance, we presume, is not referred to, in the case of Lord Pristol in the 1 Car. 1. yet when the King's attorney exhibited articles against him, then beyond seas, he had counsel allowed him.*

Of the difficulties attending the proceedings, the author wishes that the parties and the public should be apprized.

"A number of most puzzling questions will assuredly arise in the origin, and in the progress of the bill. To specify one only of those which lie about the origin of the measure. The law of the land has provided a peculiar guarantee for the purity of the royal bed. To defile it is high treason. Does it not seem that having so provided the law has stopt here? May we not well say that so high a penalty was enacted in lieu of all other safeguards? At any rate, when a bill, when a new and peculiar law is brought in for the occasion, have we not a right to ask whether the old and general law has been enforced? Do the government then intend to proceed criminally, and against whom? If the alleged treason was committed beyond the seas, does the statute of Henry VIII. authorise a trial of this species of treason within the realm? Did any of the old laws ever contemplate the case of a Queen or Princess of Wales living separate from her husband, much more living abroad with his permission? Would there be no difficulty in outlawing a princess in such peculiar circumstances, for an act alleged to have been done abroad, more especially as the statutes giving power to try treasons committed abroad say nothing of outlawry? Besides, all such jurisdiction is only over natural born subjects. How can the Princess, an alien born, be subject to trial in England for offences done beyond seas? Have not those who permitted her to reside abroad, away from her husband, abandoned all right to inquire into her conduct criminally? But the difficulty does not stop here. The same question may be asked as to the proceeding in Parliament. Have not they who partly drove the Princess abroad by bad treatment—partly enticed her by insidious advice—at any rate most improperly

* Selden, *ibid.* vol. 3. 1626.

allowed her to go—have they not abandoned all right to divorce her for acts done during her absence? There is no question as to the succession.—It is not said to be in any danger; and if it were, those who sent her away are they who put it in jeopardy. No one affects to think so. Then why seek to dissolve a marriage, which its bitterest enemies can charge with nothing but the sin of ensuring the Princess Charlotte's succession to the crown?"—(p 12—14.)

But there are other obstructions to the divorce, from the precautions of British jurisprudence, to prevent the oppression of the female by domestic tyranny. If the party accused shall prove, that the accuser has committed adultery; this is in law, called a compensation for the crime, and the accuser cannot prevail in his suit.*

So if the party accused shall prove that the accuser before the commencement of the suit had probable knowledge of the crime committed, and yet afterwards had carnal knowledge of the accused, the offender shall not be liable to a sentence of divorce; and on the ground that the crime shall be supposed to have been remitted.†

The author proceeds to reason on the supposition of the justice of the accusation.

"They say the Princess of Wales is guilty, and that there are proofs of it.—Well, as long as she remained in England, she defied all her adversaries, and stood the test of two most rigorous inquiries into her whole conduct. Up to the moment of quitting this country she was innocent, although she had been compelled to live in a state of celibacy and seclusion, almost from the moment of her marriage, and during the season of her youth. By ill-treatment of every kind she was driven to seek for consolation in some other attachment, and had she formed one, no person could have blamed her very severely, unless upon public grounds.—Yet she resisted the temptation, and until she left England, her conduct was unimpeachable. The same ill-treatment drove her abroad, and those who now seek to destroy her, advised her to go. If she has since erred, it little becomes them to cast the first stone; but at any rate they must prove their case by other witnesses than profligate foreigners; for as long as she remained among Englishmen, no evidence could be procured against her." (p. 16—17.)

Another consideration deserves notice. Where there appears to be any connivance or acquiescence in the adultery of the wife on the part of the husband, or he does not use due diligence to prevent it, no divorce is granted. What is the situation of the Princess? During the whole time of

* Ought, 317. † Ibid.

her marriage, with the exception of a short interval, in the season of youth, beauty, and passion, she has been forsaken by her husband. Had she, prior to her departure, already been guilty, could a husband under this abandonment, obtain any redress? But up to that time she is pure; and it is understood, that not only with the assent, but consent and earnest wish of her husband, she leaves the kingdom to travel in remote countries. Is this using the diligence required to authorize a divorce? Is not this the very connivance or acquiescence which is sufficient to disappoint any such decision? If it be said the supreme Court of Parliament can dispose of all the rules to which the inferior jurisdictions are liable, the answer is, that these regulations of the lower courts as far as they are founded on the immutable principles of truth and justice, must be the law of Parliament, for such principles, if obligatory on subordinate, establishments are pre-eminently imperative on the highest judicial authority of the Empire.

The reasoning on the situation of the Prince, as affected by this question, is perfectly just.

“If, indeed, the succession to the crown were in any danger, there might be some reason for dissolving the marriage. But the Princess has now been for above two years beyond the seas, and that removes all doubts upon this head. Then what boots it to raise this dreadful question? The Prince wishes to get rid of a wife who has misbehaved towards him. But surely His Royal Highness is not like a private individual, whose character suffers by allowing his wife's frailty to pass uncensured.—Nothing that she does can possibly affect him; and are there, besides, no reasons why it becomes him to forbear towards her who has borne so much at his hands? He wishes to marry again. But it is strange that twenty years of voluntary celibacy should have rendered that state so intolerable to a man of fifty-five, with a constitution not quite unimpaired, and in a very precarious state of health. The marriage of men at such a mature age is at all times a matter of wonder and even of merriment. He wishes to have a son. But he has a daughter whom he tenderly loves, whom the country have for twenty years regarded as the heiress to the crown, and who has accordingly been educated as such, and as such been recently established by the wisdom of Parliament. Nor should it be forgotten, that had he chosen to live with the Princess, he had in all probability, long ago have had sons; but so far from sacrificing any feelings of his own to the wish for male children, he expressly, in writing, declared to the Princess, that “should his daughter unhappily die, he never could even in that case ask her again to live with him.” This new wish to increase his family, therefore, is somewhat unaccountable; for no

man can suppose His Royal Highness to be actuated by the mere desire of disinheriting his daughter. Again, suppose he is married, and had a son in the course of a year from this time, His Royal Highness will then be turned of fifty-seven; and his life, unfortunately, will not be worth many years purchase. In all human probability we shall have a minority of twelve years. This is supposing His Royal Highness to attain the age of sixty-three, unhappily a somewhat improbable calculation. Who will then be regent? Will there be no competition? Who are the competitors? The Duke of York and the army on the one hand,—the Princess Charlotte and the country on the other.” (p. 17—20.)

We confess, that this last consideration, of the probable competition, is that which weighs most heavily on our minds. We have remarked a disposition to raise the character of the army beyond its fit level in the community, which we would not impute hastily to improper motives, but our English jealousies are augmented by such contrivances. We have noticed a pleasure resulting from the glory it has acquired, independent of the utility of its services, and connected with other views and interests which ought not to prevail. We have seen a splendid military establishment, and a prodigal expenditure to support it, recommended to Parliament, and adopted in a period of profound tranquillity. We have observed doctrines held with respect to household troops that partake of the destructive policy of Rome, when her prætorian bands put the Empire of the world to auction. We have heard of the formation of military clubs, under that exalted and powerful patronage which necessarily awakens alarm, and in addition to all these expedients, new orders of dignity are created, and applied to increase the distinctions of the army so as to constitute a sort of military nobility, rivalling that hereditary aristocracy, which alone is acknowledged by the British constitution.

The author concludes with inquiring into the personal considerations which are likely to influence the members of parliament, and he insists that the whole question is here of a personal nature—“ Shall I gratify the Prince Regent or the Princess Charlotte?”

We do hope better things, and that on a subject of this vital character, the legislature will resign all such interested and mercenary feelings, that they will discover no desire but for the peace and happiness of the country; and that in the solemn duties they have to discharge, they will fulfil all the wishes and expectations of the British people. If this great question should be agitated, we do beseech them,

even to the neglect of minor concerns, to concentrate their attention on this grave business. "No man regards an irruption on the surface when the noble parts are invaded, and he feels a mortification approaching to his heart." We confess that we do not anticipate the support our author assumes to the measure by the unanimous vote of the cabinet; and if we may believe general rumour, the principal officer in the royal councils is himself unfriendly to it. But if this concurrence should unhappily be produced, and it should have pleased God to give us a ministry who are neither to be persuaded by argument, nor instructed by experience, we rely, as our last and effectual resource, as the secure and impregnable citadel of our hope and our confidence, upon that parliament which we trust will unite circumspection with vigour, will consider itself the sacred guardian of the public safety, will mix itself with no vulgar intrigues of the court, and, when the occasion call for it, will oppose itself to domestic oppression with the same zeal that it would resist the open warfare of faction, and the secret machinations of prerogative.—"Quapropter de summâ salute vestrâ, populique (Britanni,) Patres Conscripti, de vestris conjugibus ac liberis, de aris ac focis, de fanis ac templis, de totius urbis tectis ac sedibus, de imperio, de libertate, de salute (Britanniæ,) deque universâ republicâ, decernite diligentér, ut instituistis, ac fortitér."

ART. XI.—*Prayers and Discourses for the Use of Families, in two parts. By JOSEPH BOWDEN. London, Longman, 1816, 8vo. pp. 197,—204.*

THE first part of this work consists of the usual morning and evening prayers for families, with others adapted to particular occasions: the second of twelve discourses for domestic instruction with additional prayers suited to them. The publication comprises, in a short form, all that is immediately necessary for family devotion and instruction. No doubt that those who approve of variations in the form of prayers, will deem it to be expedient to enlarge the devotional part, and all will think it proper to extend the topics of the sermons employed, in the practical application of such domestic duties. The subjects however are very judiciously selected; in the two first the care of Abraham towards his family is contrasted with the negligence of Eli; the two next treat of early piety of degeneracy; the following of the self-conceit of Naaman, and the self-igno-

rance of Hazael: the others are on tenderness of conscience; uprightness; wisdom and innocence; the improvement, and the swift flight of time; and the last on the beautiful similitude of "man fading like a leaf."

As the subjects are peculiarly appropriate, so is the manner in which they are treated: these are no mystic allusions, no learned disquisitions, nothing that can incumber the simple practical purpose the writer has in view. He is fitly convinced that the stock of human knowledge contained in the bible is sufficient, that this sacred volume, as it is of the highest antiquity, so it is of the greatest authority, and that such is its power of efficacy, that it requires nothing more than the common feeling and common sense of mankind to give its examples the proper influence and its precepts the proper direction. If there be in this work more unction, as it is called, than is consistent with the modern fashion of preaching, it has no portion of that cant and false sensibility with which some religious writings abound, but every where the passions are excited by fit impulses, and the reason is awakened by fit motives.

As a specimen, we have selected the following admonitory remarks, suggested by the character of Hazael.

"The lesson of universal experience is afresh impressed;—that there are few things, with which we are less accurately acquainted than the inclinations of our own hearts; that, if ever we be secure in our good principles, we are really in the utmost hazard. We fondly give ourselves credit for every virtue, to the exercises of which our stations and opportunities have not called us. We fancy that we should certainly hate and avoid every base practice, in which we have had no temptation to indulge. No sooner do new circumstances arise, than we find how baseless our self-flattery is.

"The example of Hazael, who could pass so rapidly from what seemed a generous indignation at the image of himself, presented in the glass of prophecy, to the most dreadful extreme of wickedness, will be allowed by all to be a striking one. But such it will be said are the deplorable changes, which ambition works; such the boundless mischiefs produced, when the spirit of a tyrant discerns the way of opening to the accomplishment of its wishes.

"If the example speak not directly to the heart of persons, placed far from the paths of greatness, devoid of ambition, and haters of cruelty and blood; let them recollect what they have witnessed themselves in common life, or what has been faithfully reported to them, of men, who were the pests of society, and paid, at length, the just penalty of their crimes. Had not these men their seasons of virtuous, perhaps of noble, feeling? When they began to transgress, were not their compunctions deep, and their purposes

warm, and, as they thought, determined? When they had taken many an advancing step in the path of corruption, had they the least notion of the issue, to which they were tending? Would they not have resented it as a gross insult, if you had ventured, even then, to foretell their end? Possibly, but a few days before the commission of their chief crime, and when actually gotten into its immediate neighbourhood, they were not only insensible of the impending danger, but would have revolted with indignation from the thought of falling by it." (2d part, p. 91—93.)

We are not aware why the texts are not prefixed to the discourses, and the references to them only given. We presume that they are intended to be read, and we see no reason why the leader of the family devotions should have the trouble of referring to the bible for them.

We cannot conclude without expressing our conviction of the importance of domestic piety, and our approbation of those who, like the author, with attainments, suited to a higher species of composition, condescend to accommodate themselves to its homely character. It is a remark somewhere of Archbishop Tillotson that a family can scarcely deserve the name of christian, which does not daily assemble, for the purposes of prayer and instruction; and we regret the discontinuance of a practice which is so strongly recommended by the worthy primate. At the present day the neglect does not arise from the want of means, but from the deficiency of inclination; and we are persuaded that the perusal of these discourses, dictated in the genuine spirit of piety, will tend to encourage those sentiments that are most favourable to its revival.

THE DRAMA.

ART. XII.—*Ivan ; a Tragedy, in five Acts. Altered and adapted for Representation. By WILLIAM SOTHEY, Esq.* London, printed for John Murray, 1816, 8vo. pp. 86.

IN the preface Mr. Sotheby informs the reader, that he has altered and adapted this tragedy from the closet to the stage, and that one scene and several speeches are entirely new. What the piece was in its original shape we have not had an opportunity of judging; but we do not know why, in its present form, it should not have been brought out at one of our principal theatres. During the whole of last winter, several new tragedies, from the pens of Lord Byron, Mr. Walter Scott, and Mr. Sotheby, were the sub-

jects of conversation among persons who interest themselves in the progress of the drama, but none of them appeared upon the stage, and public expectation was only satisfied by the production of *Bertram*, by the Rev. Mr. Maturin, upon which we introduced a few strictures under the proper head in our number for May last. That the latter was more successful than it deserved we do not say, but at least it shewed that there was a spirit of forbearance on the part of the public, and a disposition to be pleased, which was not discouraging to young and diffident candidates for dramatic fame. For this reason, we had hoped to have witnessed the representation of several new efforts in the department of tragedy, even before the close of the season; but Covent Garden only interrupted its career of shews and melodramas by a piece imported from Ireland, and Drury Lane (which professes to make a stand in this respect) only gave Mr. Kean an opportunity of gratifying his taste by the adoption of *Bertram* on his express recommendation.

When the public sees such pieces as *Ivan* put forth through the means of the press, which was designed for the stage in the first instance, the inquiry is naturally made, what cause obstructed its performance according to the author's wishes? Although Mr. Sotheby's abilities may not be first rate, his works are well entitled to great respect; and when a man of genius devotes that genius to the stage, he deserves something more than the usual laconic answer, "the managers are of opinion that this piece will not succeed on representation." We do not say that he has a right to expect that his own opinion should be adopted; but it ought to be taken into account, with the weight due to it, and a fair trial before the legitimate judges ought to be allowed, instead of consigning the effort to the partial, not to say incompetent, perusal of a rival author. The tables in our days are quite turned; formerly the managers were under great obligations to persons who would write for them; but now authors think themselves exceedingly fortunate if they obtain the friendly interposition of some underling of the theatre, who will present, with becoming humility, their production to the condescending notice of individuals in authority. Whether Mr. Sotheby received any greater civilities on the rejection of his tragedy than others usually meet with from the patentees, we know not; but it appears to us, that the managers did not consult their interests in refusing to allow it to be performed.

To some readers it will not appear a recommendation,

that the three unities of time, place, and action, are observed in *Ivan* with tolerable strictness; and it must be allowed in general, that they cramp too much the genius of the author and the imagination of the reader, which, by the happy construction of the English drama, as contradistinguished from that of France, allows an unlimited and fearless range. The fable of Mr. Sotheby's piece, however, is so judiciously managed, that the restraint is scarcely felt, and the reader is not aware of the short time occupied in bringing the story to a conclusion, until he has had time to reflect upon its progress: the same remark will apply to the unities of place and action. Indeed the great object of the author seems to have been the production of a performance adapted in many important respects to the prevailing taste, and yet preserving not a few of the valuable requisites of a good tragedy. If we are asked, whether much fine poetry is to be found in *Ivan*, much delicate description and nice delineation of varied character, we must answer in the negative, and we apprehend that Mr. Sotheby did not intend to introduce them: he was too well aware of the impossibility of giving effect to such parts in the present state of our theatres to make the vain attempt: but as we before remarked, his tragedy is full of business of importance; and declamatory eloquence and passion, suited to the space the actor's voice is to fill, are to be found in it from the beginning to the end. The principal fault, in what may be termed the mechanical portion of the performance, is, that the situations are not sufficiently varied, and there is rather too much of conspirators and poisons, the former of whom are for ever swearing fidelity; and making resolutions, without coming to any fulfilment of their designs until the very end of the piece: this may be said to fill up time on the stage without advancing the catastrophe. We will, in the first instance, give a short outline of the fable.

Ivan, the rightful Emperor of Russia, before he arrived at manhood, had been confined in the fortress of Schlusburgh by a powerful nobleman named Naritzin, and Elizabeth had been raised to the throne in his stead. No motive for this act of disloyalty is mentioned, and Naritzin, to whose custody Ivan is entrusted, seems half to repent his agency in the business when he witnesses the gloomy imprisonment of his legitimate sovereign. Rimuni, a cruel and haughty courtier, soon supersedes Naritzin in the favour of the Empress: he fills her with alarm for the security of her

throne while Ivan remains alive, and finally procures Naritzin to be accused of treason. On his trial before the Empress, Naritzin vindicates himself from the charge of endeavouring to re-instate Ivan, and he is restored to favour on condition that he will keep his prisoner ever near his person, and will plunge a poignard in his breast if any attempt be made by him to regain the crown of his fathers : this condition is extorted by the alternative of the instant death of Ivan if it were refused. In the mean time, the conspirators, friends of Ivan and of his parents, are secretly at work to procure his release, imagining that Naritzin will second, or at least not obstruct, their design, and ignorant of the solemn engagement he has entered into with the Empress. This may be considered the pivot of the tragedy; for Naritzin, while he preserves his loyalty to the mistress whom he had seated on the throne, feels the strongest regard for Ivan, whose noble qualities began gradually to expand, and of whose impetuosity and love of justice and revenge he was in constant terror. Petrowna, the wife of Naritzin, had informed Ivan of the intentions of his friends before she learnt that her husband had engaged to destroy him if he attempted to regain his throne; and this intelligence naturally rouses all the energies of the young man, as far as those energies existed in his emaciated and forlorn condition. In the end the conspirators break into the prison to free Ivan, and to restore him to his dignity. Naritzin is now called upon to fulfil the solemn promise; but when in desperation he lifts his hand against Ivan (to whom he had before disclosed the secret), it is arrested by one of the conspirators; and Ivan, who, notwithstanding all his sufferings, loves Naritzen as a father, in order to redeem his pledge, seizes a weapon, and destroys himself at the very moment when his freedom was assured. This is the catastrophe of the piece, and the curtain falls somewhat abruptly in the German style; but after such an act of heroism, nothing could be said or done that would not appear almost absurd and impertinent.

On reading this sketch, our readers will not fail to remark, that, for the sake of his tragedy, Mr. Sotheby does not scruple to violate in a slight degree historical truth, both with regard to events and the character of Ivan, which he has represented, not only in an amiable, but an admirable point of view: his object, however, was to write a tragedy, not a history; though when both can be combined it is

doubtless to be preferred. We shall now give a few specimens from different parts, that our readers may judge of the style as well as the story. The following is from the scene where Naritzin is accused by Rimuni, before the Empress, of endeavouring to procure the liberation of Ivan.

Narit. When Ivan's wrongs rang loud on every tongue,
And the deep woe, which fill'd each heart, in mine
Was guilt and condemnation; then, before me,
Like a tormenting spirit, day and night,
The image of the youth, by me dethron'd,
Lone in the dungeon, vilely chain'd, in tortures,
Rose ceaselessly; nor ever fail'd the sting
Of conscience here to lodge its gather'd venom,
Till the sharp goading of remorse compell'd me,
In expiation of the offence, to claim
This dreadful charge: and here to dedicate,
To solitude and sad obscurity,
The closing of a day whose dawn was glory—
Yet wholly not unblest, so Heav'n vouchsaf'd me
To shield the helpless from the oppressor's wrong,
And haply soothe—if aught on earth might soothe—
The sufferings of the wrong'd, the outrag'd Ivan.

Rim. Wrong'd, outrag'd Ivan!

Lords. Treason!

Emp. (to the Lords) Peace! be silent!
I too have human feelings—human pity.

Narit. Outrag'd! I spake the word—look at this charge.

(Takes a paper from his bosom.)

I would not, for thy sake, my gracious mistress,
Before the public eye produce this deed.

Emp. My Lord Naritzin! this imports my honour.
Proclaim aloud the charge.

Rim. Ha!

(Aside.)

Narit. Guard this Ivan:
Close fetter'd, in a dungeon's cell immure him,
Far from the light of day, and every eye,
Save thine; such food, as nature craves, be his.
His mind is brutaliz'd: by means that tame
The stubborn brute, subdue his savage mood.

Emp. (to Rim.) These were thy words.

Narit. (holding it before her) The sovereign's hand has
sign'd it:

Lo! here, the name Elizabeth subscribed.

Emp. My name! oh, Heaven!

I will'd that Ivan should be close immur'd,—
Not harshly tortur'd.

Narit. (kneels) Hear me.

" *Emp.* Wherefore kneel?

Arise!

" *Narit.* Vouchsafe me audience: if this hand
First crown'd your brow; if first I hail'd you empress;
Have pity upon Ivan. From this scroll
Blot out the stain and character of blood:
Not of that fiend,—of thy own heart take counsel:
Then, in the splendour of your sire's renown,
His sceptre wield: and, oh! permit that Ivan,
The wrong'd, the outrag'd, unoffending Ivan,
May in some cloister's sanctuary pass
Life's tranquil day. The peace, the public weal,
The throne's stability, your sacred life,
Claim justly such restraint; but all beyond
Ruthless oppression.

" *Rim.* Dar'st thou thus proclaim it
Before thy sovereign's presence?

" *Narit.* Sir, I speak

Under the terror of no earthly power:

There reigns my judge."

(*Pointing up.*)

This scene is nervous, and well conducted, and in the acting might be rendered exceedingly effective. The next extract is from the end of Act III., and is part of a dialogue that Mr. Sotheby states in the preface to have been added for representation: although there is much power in it, we doubt whether such a scene be consistent with nature. Rimuni, the author of the close confinement of Ivan, visits his cell when Ivan and Naritzin are together.

" *RIMUNI enters.*

" *Ivan.* That serpent!

" *Narit.* (*endeavouring to prevent Rimuni's entrance*) Enter not.

" *Rim.* I will behold him.

" *Ivan.* Heav'n! vengeance! vengeance! (*To himself.*)

" *Rim.* (*considering Ivan*) Stern his threatening brow.—
Naritzin—haste, the empress waits thy coming.

" *Ivan.* (*with affected calmness to Rimuni*) Stay yet awhile—
—the scene will glad thy soul—

Survey this haunt congenial to thy nature.

Stay man—(*stopping him*)—the serpent, that in upper air
Basks sweltering in the blaze of day, slinks back
To lurk in caves obscure that feed his venom.—

Nay, gaze around.

" *Narit.* Peace, Ivan!

" *Rim.* (*aside*) Taunting boy:

Yes, I will know thy nature, and subdue it.

" *Ivan. (calmly takes the lamp, and directs the light to several places)*

Look on these damps—this pestilential dew,
That, drop by drop, bursts on the mouldering stone
That wears away beneath it—'tis my breath
Has fed it. Look upon these rugged flints—
Nay, closely mark them:—see you not the trace
Worn by the ceaseless tread of my lone feet,
Year after year? They are the eternal marks,
That on the inanimate rock to after times
Shall grave thy cruelty. Now, if thou canst,
Look on the marks that character the living.

" *Rim. (aside)* Yes, he shall die.

" *Ivan (holding up the lamp to his own countenance.)*

Look on these orbs of vision, temper'd down
To the dull glimmer of this feeble lamp:
These, at my birth, the great Creator gifted
With power and capability, at once
With one swift glance to sweep the vault of heaven,
Earth rob'd in beauty, and the vast expanse
Of waves that heave huge ocean's amplitude.
Look on this cheek, despair's sharp canker-worm
Has robb'd it of its roseate bloom, and cast
On youth the wan and spectry hue of age:
These limbs, too, scarce have strength to bear me up;
But, feeble as they are, at sight of thee,
I feel in each brac'd sinew strength and power
To rend thee into atoms. *(Violently seizes him.)*

" *Rim. (drawing a dagger)* Perish first,

" *Narit. No, traitor! (Staying him)*

" *Rim. Help—ho! guards, help!—rescue! rescue!*

(Ivan runs, and bars the door, and snatches the dagger.)

" *Ivan. The iron door is barr'd—now! ha! ha! ha!*

" *Rim. Oh mercy!*

" *Narit. Ivan! hold: or instant death*

In torturing flames consumes us.

" *Ivan. (drops the dagger)* Thou in torture

For Ivan's deed?—away, thou fiend! delay not—

The mercy, thou hast found, to others yield:

Begone—avoid my sight,

Hence!—tell the usurper, in this cell of horror

I o'er thee stood, the dagger in my grasp,

Nor struck the blow: then, for thou canst, command her

To free—no, fix on Russia's throne crown'd Ivan.

[Exeunt Narit. and Rim.]

We shall conclude by the subsequent quotation from Act V., where Naritzin informs the hero of the solemn vow made to the Empress, that he will stab Ivan, if he make any attempt to regain his freedom and throne.

" *Narit.* I must disclose it,
While yet my voice has power—Ivan, 'tis sworn,—
The solemn vow is ratified in Heaven,—
No—to a fiend my plighted soul is bound,
To fix this murderous dagger in thy heart.
Yet, had I not so sworn, Rimuni's hand,
Ere now, had stabb'd thee.

" *Ivan.* Let Rimuni stab me—
I would not that my blood should stain thy hand,
And lay Heaven's curse upon thee.

" *Narit.* Now by that wish—Oh, by thy firm assurance
Of heaven, and bliss hereafter, I conjure thee,
Thus, on my knee—

" *Ivan.* Rise! rise!

" *Narit.* First grant my prayer.
In pity to thyself—to me in mercy,
If thou wilt spare my soul the sin of blood,
Swear, that henceforth, tho' fraud or violence
Should ope thy prison cell, thou wilt reject
The gift of offer'd freedom.

" *Ivan.* No, I dare not.

" *Narit.* Yet hear me, Ivan—swear thou wilt reject it;
And, day by day, thou, at Naritzin's side,
Shalt of the freshness of the free winds drink,
And on thy cheek of youth the blood shall leap
To wanton in the sunbeam: thou shalt thrill
At voice of human kindness; and gay sounds,
The lute and song, shall chase thy daylight down,
And gladness greet thy revels.

" *Ivan.* No, I dare not.

But yesterday my oath had answer'd thee,
And sanctified thy offer—never, now:—
'Twas but this morn I heard the exulting call
Of high-raised hope, of freedom, vengeance, empire.
I am not master of my mind—my soul
Has been disturb'd, and my proud spirit soar'd
On the high wing of infinite desires,
That burn for their accomplishment. No—never
Shall Ivan be what once he was, content
To lurk with vipers in th'empoison'd cell,
And coil'd in frozen apathy, there perish,
Crush'd like a noisome reptile from creation,
Beneath the foot that spurns it.

" *Narit.* (to himself, in utmost agony) Must I slay him?

" *Ivan.* What! bribe me to submission with gay pleasures,
The lute, and song, and feast? Unchain the lion,
Whom time, and famine, and sore blows, have taught
To crouch beneath man's foot in seeming tameness,

Then bid him lick the hand that beckons him
Back to the den—so henceforth look on Ivan.

“*Narit.* ’Tis sworn—this dagger slays thee.

“*Ivan.* Away! who made thee arbiter of empires?
Bade thee upraise a slave to sovereignty,
And wrest his father’s sceptre from a monarch.
Whose arm has strength to wield it, and whose heart,
Taught by self-woe, and sense of human frailty,
Would temper it with mercy.—Who am I?
Thy sovereign:—Thou! such as thy sires of old:
Thy breath, thy being, hangs upon my word.
No more with woe’s weak plaint I sue for pity:
The mandate of my sovereign will obey;
Abjure thy impious vow, unbar the cell,
And, calling on the King of Kings, replace
On my anointed brow the diadem:
Then shall my pardon, cancelling thy crime,
Draw down Heaven’s mercy on thee.”

A fastidious critic might point out several defects in the conduct of the story, and some faults in the language employed to convey it; among those faults, a few affectations of originality, that are even offensive: but we will not attempt to lessen, by such minutiae, the favourable impression made on the minds of our readers, where so much is given to compensate partial and unimportant defects. Were our opinion likely to have any influence, we would sincerely recommend to the managers of our theatres, with regard to this tragedy, to re-consider their decision, or rather the decision of those to whom they delegate their authority.

BIBLIOTHECA ANTIQUA.

For out of the olde felde, as men saieth,
Cometh all this new corne, fro yere to yere;
And out of old bookes, in good faieth,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere.

Chaucer’s Assem. of Fowles, st. 4.

ART. XIII.—*An Apology for Actors, containing three briefe Treatises:—1. Their Antiquity; 2. Their ancient Dignity; 3. The true use of their Quality. Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD. Et prodesse solent et delectare.* London, printed by Nicholas Okes, 1612. Pp. 62.

IN a period scarcely exceeding twenty years, dramatic poetry in England had its birth, and arrived at its maturity;

for twenty years it may be said to have continued at its height; and in twenty years more, occupied by its decline and fall, it was entirely extinguished: we speak here of dramatic poetry, as it existed in the time of Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

During the whole of this period, the Puritans were aiming at, and gradually acquiring power: against the stage (including, in that general term, authors, works, and actors) the attacks of that body were peculiarly and unceasingly directed;* and many and tedious are the discourses (quoting and misquoting the authorities of the Fathers of the Christian Church, and perverting, with all the ingenuity of malice, the Scriptures themselves) which have been handed down to posterity upon this subject. Those who expect to find in them any interesting intelligence of the then state of the stage, will be grievously disappointed; for bold assertion always supplies the place of proof, and vehement invective of argument.† Finally, as our readers

* In his *Troia Britanica*, 1609, canto 3, Heywood very severely satirizes the Puritans: with reference to our present subject, he says—

“ He can endure no Organs, but is vext
To hear the Quiristers shrill Anthems sing;
He blames degrees in the Academy next,
And ’gainst the liberal arts can Scripture bring;
And when his tongue hath run beside the text,
You may perceive him his loud clamours ring
’Gainst honest pastimes, and with piteous phraze
Raile against hunting, hawking, cocks, and plays.”

† A duller, or more incoherent book, was never written, than Prynne’s thick quarto, called *Histriomastix*, the *Players Scourge*, which was printed in 1633: the only amusing thing in it is, the ridiculous sectarian zeal with which he attacks his opponents. Philip Stubbes wrote about fifty years before his *Anatomic of Abuses*, which on other topics contains much curious and entertaining matter, but when he speaks of “stage-plaies and interludes, with their wickednesse,” he is equally vehement, equally stupid and unargumentative—a sentence is enough. “And whereas, you say there are good examples to be learned in them (stage-plaies): truly so there are: if you will learne falshood: if you will learne cosenage: if you will learne to deceiue: if you will learne to plaie the hypocrite—to cogge, to lye, and falsifie: if you will learne to jest, laugh, and fleere—to grinne, to nodd and mowe: if you will learne to plaie the vice, to sweare, teare, and blaspHEME both Heauen and Earth,” &c. &c. The whole of this part of the work is just in the same style; and, Dr. Rainoldes’ laborious *Overthrow of Stage Playes* is quite a match for it.

To these productions, and to the anathemas delivered even from the pulpit, Whetstone adverts in his *Touchstone for the Time*, 1584. “The godly Divines (says he) in publique sermons, and others in printed bookes, haue (of late) very sharply inuayed against Stage-plaies (unproperly called Tragedies, Comedies, and Moralles) as the Sprynges of many vices, and the stumblýng-blockes of Godlynesse. Truly the use of them upon the Saboth day, and the abuse of them at al times, with seculyrtie and vchaste conuayance, ministred matter sufficient for them to blame, and the Macestrate

are aware, the Puritans succeeded in closing these sources of knowledge and liberality of sentiment; and, by the efforts of Prynne and his "straight-haired" associates, a stop was, for a time, put to public theatrical representations. By this calamitous event, the exercise of the good sense and taste of the people of England, which had reared our early stage, was suspended for about ten years; and an opportunity was afforded, after the Restoration, to introduce a new school of dramatic poetry, formed upon the fashionable, though absurd model, of France.

In our last number we had occasion to refer to, and to quote, the curious tract we have chosen for our present article: it is one of the comparatively few pieces in reply to the senseless accusations of the real enemies of poetry, and the pretended friends of purity; and the author, in his dedication to the Earl of Worcester, states, that he has endeavoured "to make good a subject, which many through envy, but most through ignorance, have sought violently and beyond merit to oppugne."

In the long list of writers for the stage, at the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, and in the beginning of that of James I., no name is better known than that of Thomas Heywood, the author of this *Apology for Actors*, although scarcely a single fact of his life has been recorded. Neither the time of his birth, nor of his death, are known; and we can only trace him by the dates affixed to his works, which extend from 1601 to 1641. Thus for 40 years he was a writer; and, as he states in the preface to his *General History of Women*, he had been "long and much conversant with poets." In an address prefixed to his *English Traveller*, he asserts the almost incredible fact, that in no less than 220 plays, he "had either an entire hand, or, at the least, a main finger," besides numerous other works; so that some persons have calculated that, comparing the length of his life and the quantity he wrote, he must have got through about a sheet a-day. That Heywood was a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, is mentioned by William Cartwright,* who, under the initials W. C., republished

to reforme."—It will be observed, that Whetstone being himself the author of several dramatic pieces, is very cautious in his concurrence in these censures.

* Cartwright was an actor, as is plain from the terms of his dedication; and Oldys asserts that he was also a bookseller. His edition, on the title, states that it was printed on his account. He presented a fine collection of plays to Dulwich College, which have all disappeared: his picture still hangs there, and it has been engraved.

the *Apology for Actors* with the title of *The Actor's Vindication*, shortly after the decease of its author. It is not a little singular, that Cartwright, in inscribing it to the Marquis of Dorchester, observes, that "the Author of this ensuing *Poem*, not long before his death, discovering how undeservedly *our* quality lay under the envious and ignorant, made *our* Vindication his subject." This edition has no date; but it seems remarkable that Cartwright should have been ignorant that the piece had actually been printed as early as 1612, nearly thirty years before the death of its author.* Possibly Cartwright might be ignorant of the fact, and printed his edition from a MS., with alterations, which are often more than verbal. We have both the original and the reprint before us, but we shall make our extracts from the former, which was put to press probably under the immediate care of Heywood; as may be inferred from a letter from him, annexed to the edition of 1612, "to his approved good friend, Mr. Nicholas Okes," the printer. The numerous typographical errors in works of the time, have been often lamented by the critical correctors of syllables and letters; and as this epistle contains both general and particular information on the point, we will quote it.

"The infinite faults escaped in my booke of *Britaines Troy*, by the negligence of the Printer, as the misquotations, mistaking of sillables, misplacing of halfe lines, coining of strange and never-heard-of words. These being without number, when I would have taken a particular account of the *Errata*, the Printer answered me, he would not publish his owne disworkemanship, but rather let his owne fault lie upon the necke of the Author: and being fearful that others of his quality had beene of the same nature and condition, and finding you, on the contrary, so carefull and industrious, so serious and laborious to do the Author all the rights of the presse, I could not chuse but gratulate your honest endeavours with this short remembrance. Here likewise I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke, by taking the two epistles of *Paris to Helen* and *Helen to Paris*, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him; and he to do himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so

* In the edition of 1612, Heywood observes, in a short address "to the Judicial Reader," "my pen hath seldome appeared in Presse 'till now." This is perfectly irreconcilable with the assertion, that the piece was written "not long before his death." It appears extraordinary that the author should so state, even in 1612, no less than seven dramatic works by Heywood having been printed before that year,

the author I know much offended with M Jaggard (that altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name. These, and the like dishonesties, I know you to be cleere of; and I could wish but to be the happy author of so worthy a worke as I could willingly commit to your care and workmanship."

Heywood's carelessness regarding his voluminous productions frequently exposed him to these impositions:* one, which he records in a letter prefixed to his "*Brazen Age*," 1613, is not much to the credit of a schoolmaster at *Ham*, named *Austin*, whom Heywood exposes as having insinuated himself, and stolen three books of Ovid's *Art of Love*, and two books of Ovid's *Remedy for Love*: these translations *Austin* afterwards published under his own name, without making the slightest acknowledgment of any kind.

After an address by the author "to his good friends and fellows, the City Actors," in which he congratulates them on "the Royal and Princely services in which they now live," seven commendatory copies of verses are inserted, by Webster, author of the *Duchess of Malfy*, Taylor the Water-poet, and others: one of the seven is in Greek, and another in Latin. We extract the following lines by Heywood from the edition of Cartwright, because in that of 1612, by some unaccountable blunder of the printer, the first nine are omitted. It cannot fail to remind the reader of a well-known passage in an author that cannot be too well known.

" *The Author to his Booke.*

" The World's a Theater, the earth a Stage,
Which God and Nature doth with Actors fill,
Kings have their entrance in due equipage,
And some their part play well, and others ill.
The best no better are (in this Theater,)
Where every humour's fitted in his kinde,
This a true Subject acts, and that a Traytor,
The first applauded, and the last confin'd,
This plays an honest man, and that a knave;
A gentle person this, and he a clown;
One man is ragged, and another brave:
All men have parts, and each man acts his own.

* In the address to his *Rape of Lucrece*, (4th edit. 1630,) he laments that he had not been more attentive to the publication of his pieces, some of which had got abroad in so mangled a shape, that he was ashamed of owning them. This circumstance will account, in some degree, for the fact, that of the 220 pieces in which he was concerned, only about a tenth part have come down to us, and even some of those are only given to Heywood by probable conjecture.

She a chaste Lady acteth all her life,
 A wanton Curtezian another playes;
 This, covets marriage love—that, nuptial strife;
 Both in continuall action spend their dayes.
 Some Citizens, some Souldiers, born to adventure,
 Shepherds and Sea-men. Then our play's begun
 When we are born, and to the world first enter;
 And all finde *Exits* when their parts are done.
 If then the world a Theater present,
 As by the roundnesse it appears most fit,
 Built with star-galleries of high ascent,
 In which *Jehove* doth as spectator sit,
 And chief determiner, to applaud the best,
 And their indeavours crown with more than merit;
 But by their evill actions doomes the rest
 To end disgrac't, whilst others praise inherit;
 He that denies, then, theaters should be,
 He may as well deny a world to me.

“*Thomas Heywood.*”

The *Apology for Actors* opens with an attack upon the Puritans.

“Moved by the sundry exclamations of many seditious sectists in this age, who, in the fatness and rankness of a peaceable Commonwealth, grow up like unsavoury tufts of grass, w^{ch}, though outwardly green and fresh to the eye, yet are they both unpleasant and unprofitable, being too sower for food, and too rank for fodder: these men, like the antient Germans, affecting no fashion but their own, would draw other nations to be slovens like themselves; and undertaking to purifie and reform the sacred bodies of the Church and Common-weale, (in the true use of both which they are altogether ignorant,) would but, like artlesse phisitions, for experiment sake, rather minister pils to poison the whole body, than cordials to preserve any or the least part.”

Heywood, in an easy, unaffected style, goes on to apologise for undertaking the task of vindication, and states, that in a dream the tragic muse, Melpomene, appeared to him, “her haire rudely dishevelled, her chaplet withered, her visage with tears stained, her brow furrowed, her eyes dejected, nay, her whole complexion quite faded and altered.” Reflecting upon her degraded state, “the enraged Muse cast up her scornful head, her eye-balls sparkled fire, and a sudden flash of disdain, intermixed with rage, purpled her cheek.” She thus exclaims:

“Am I Melpomene, the buskend Muse,
 That held in awe the tyrants of the world,

And plaid their lives in public Theaters,
Making them feare to sinne, since fearless I
Prepare to write their lives in Crimson Inke,
And act their shames in eye of all the world?
Have not I whipt Vice with a scourge of steele,
Unmaskt sterne Murther, sham'd lascivious Lust,
Pluck'd off the visar from grimme Treasons face,
And made the Sun point at their ugly sinns?
Hath not this powerfull hand tam'd fiery Rage,
Kild poisonous Envy with her own keen darts,
Choak't up the Covetous mouth with moulten gold,
Burst the vast womb of eating Gluttony,
And drown'd the Drunkards gall in juice of grapes?
I have shew'd pride his picture on a stage,
Laid ope the ugly shapes his steel-glasse hide,
And made him passe thence meekly: In those daies
When Emperours with their presence grac't my Scenes,
And thought none worthy to present themselves
Save Emperours, to delight Embassadours.
Then did this garland flourish; then my Robe
Was of the deepest Crimson, the best die."

Waking from his dream, the author reflects upon the many ancient tragic and comic poets still living in their works, and upon the antiquity of acting comedies, tragedies, and histories, which he proceeds to exemplify with much learning; noticing the historical plays of Edward III. and Henry V. as calculated "to new mould the hearts of the spectators, and fashion them to the shape of any noble and notable attempt;" adding a translation from Ovid, to shew that Romulus first brought plays into Italy. He incidentally speaks in high terms of the London theatres, compared with those of the provincial towns; and in the conclusion of his first part, he gives a parting blow to his antagonists.

"To proceed, and to look into those men that profess themselves adversaries to this quality, they are none of the gravest and most ancient Doctors of the Academy, but onely a sort of find-faults, such as interest their prodigal tongues in all mens affairs without respect. These I have heard as liberally, in their superficial censures, tax the exercises performed in their Colledges, as these acted on our publick Stages; not looking into the true and direct use of either, but ambitiously preferring their own presumptuous humours, before the profound and authentical judgements of all the learned Doctors of the University. Thus you see that, touching the antiquity of Actors and Acting, they have not been new, lately begot by any upstart invention; but I have derived them from the first

Olimpiads, and I shall continue the use of them even till this present age. And so much touching their antiquity."

The second book, as the title specifies, treats of the ancient dignity of actors; and having stated the etymology of tragedy, he quotes from Horace, Ovid, &c. various passages in honour of the art: he then notes the homage paid to dramatic poetry in the old world, by the erection of stately theatres by the wisest princes, and the encouragement given abroad, at the time he wrote, to theatrical representations, and particularly to English actors—companies of whom, he asserts, were maintained by the King of Denmark, on the recommendation of the Earl of Leicester, and by the Duke of Brunswick and the Landgrave of Hesse. He enforces the tribute of Cicero to Roscius, and from thence takes occasion to mention the actors in England that had been highly esteemed: his words are these, and we transcribe them from Cartwright's edition, in which is inserted a long passage regarding *Edward Alleyn*, the founder of Dulwich College, omitted in that of 1612.

"To omit all the Doctors, Zanyes, Pantaloones, Harlakeens, in which the *French*, but especially the *Italians*, have been excellent, and, according to the occasion offered, to do some right to our English Actors, as *Knell, Bentley, Mills, Wilson, Cross, Lanam*, and others: these, since I never saw them, as being before my time, I cannot (as an eye-witness of their desert) give them that applause which, no doubt, they worthily merit; yet, by the report of many judicial auditors, their performance of many parts have been so absolute, that it were a kind of sin to drown their worths in Lethe, & not commit their (almost forgotten) names to eternity. Here I must needs remember *Tarlton*, in his time gracious with the Queen, his Sovereigne, and in the peoples general applause; whom succeeded *William Kemp*, as well in the favour of her Majesty, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience. *Gabriel, Singer, Pope, Phillips, Sly*, all the right I can do them, is but this, that though they be dead, their deserts yet live in the remembrance of many. Among so many dead let me not forget one yet alive in his time, the most worthy famous Mr. *Edward Allen*, who in his life time erected a Colledge at *Dulledge* for poor people, and for education of youth. When this Colledge was finisht, this famous man was so equally mingled with humility and charity, that he became his own Pensioner; humbly submitting himself to that proportion of diet and cloathes which he had bestowed on others; and afterwards were interred in the same Colledge. To omit these, as also such as for divers imperfections may be thought insufficient for the quality; Actors should be men pick'd out personable, accord-

ing to the parts they present; they should be rather schollers, that though they cannot speak well, know how to speak, or else to have that volubility, that they can speak well, though they understand not what, and so both imperfections may by instructions be helped and amended: But where a good tongue and a good conceit both fail, there can never be good Actor. I also could wish, that such as are condemned for their licentiousness, might, by a general consent, be quite excluded our society: For as we are men that stand in the broad eye of the world, so should our manners, gestures, & behaviours, savour of such government & modesty, to deserve the good thoughts & reports of all men, & to abide the sharpest censures even of those that are the greatest opposites to the quality. Many amongst us, I know to be of substance, of government, of sober lives & temperate carriages, house-keepers, & contributory to all duties enjoyned them, equally with them that are ranked with the most bountifull; and if amongst so many of sort, there be any few degenerate from the rest in that good demeanour, which is both requisite & expected at their hands, let me intreate you not to censure hardly of all for the misdeeds of some, but rather to excuse us, as *Ovid* doth the generality of women.

Parcite paucarum diffundere crimen in omnes,
Spectetur meritis quæque puella suis."

These remarks upon the conduct and character of actors are very just and creditable to Heywood, who is admitted always to have set an example to his companions of regularity and sobriety; indeed, had he not done so, how could he have written half he is admitted to have composed? It is in this part that Thomas Kyd is pointed out distinctly as the author of the Spanish Tragedy, a question for some time in dispute.

The third book, or treatise, "Of the Actors, and the true use of their quality," opens with a disquisition on the nature of tragedy and comedy; and goes on to refute, with logical skill, the arguments of those who deny their utility. Having pointed out various other advantages, the author thus enforces the improvement of the English language by theatrical representations.

"Our *English* tongue, which hath been the most harsh, uneven, and broken language of the world, part *Dutch*, part *Irish*, *Saxon*, *Scotch*, *Welch*, and indeed a gallimaffry of many, but perfect in none, is now, by this secondary means of playing, continually refined, every writer striving in himself to add a new flourish unto it; so that in process, from the most rude and unpolisht tongue, it is grown to a most perfect & composed language, and many excellent works, and elaborate Poems, writ in the same; that many Nations grow inameoured of our tongue, before despised. Neither Saphick, Ionick,

Iambick, Phaleutick, Adonick, Oliconick, Hexamiter, Tetramitrer, Pentamiter, Asclepediack, Choriambick, nor any other measured verse used amongst the *Greeks, Latines, Italians, French, Dutch, or Spanish* writers, but may be exprest in *English*, be it in blanch verse or meeter, in Distichen or Hexastichon, or in what form or feet, or what number you can desire. Thus you see to what excellency our refined *English* is brought, that in these days we are ashamed of that *Euphony* & eloquence which, within these 60 years, the best tongues in the land were proud to pronounce."

The uses of tragedies, histories, comedies, and pastorals, next occupy his attention, referring to Dr. Leg's Richard III., as we observed in our last article upon Meres' *Palladis Tamia*. In this discussion, nothing particularly relating to the English stage is introduced, but what immediately follows is interesting, not only on that account, but on several others; of which our readers will be aware after perusal. As the extract is long, we forbear comment.

"To end, in a word. Art thou addicted to prodigality, envy, cruelty, perjury, flattery, or rage? our Scenes afford thee store of men to shape your lives by, who be frugall, loving, gentle, trusty, without soothing, and in all things temperate. Wouldst thou be honourable? just, friendly, moderate, devout, merciful, and loving concord? thou mayest see many of their fates and ruines, who have been dishonourable, unjust, fals, gluttonous, sacrilegious, bloody-minded, and brochers of dissention. Women likewise that are chaste, are by us extolled, & encouraged in their vertues, being instanced by *Diana, Belpheby, Matilda, Lucrece*, and the Countess of *Salisbury*. The unchaste are by us shewed their errors, in the persons of *Phrinc, Lais, Thais, Flora*: and amongst us *Rosamond* and *Mistress Shore*. What can sooner print modesty in the souls of the wanton, than by discovering unto them the monstrosousness of their sin? It followes that we prove these exercises to have been the discoverers of many notorious murders, long concealed from the eyes of the world. To omit all far-fetcht instances, we will prove it by a domestick and home-born truth, which within these few years happened. At *Lin* in *Norfolk*, the then Earle of *Sussex* Players acting the old History of *Fryer Francis*, & presenting a woman, who insatiately doting on a young gentleman, had (the more securely to enjoy his affection) mischievously and secretly murdered her husband, whose ghost haunted her, and at diverse times, in her most solitary and private contemplations, in most horrid and fearful shapes appeared and stood before her. As this was acted, a towns-woman (till then of good estimation and report) finding her conscience (at this presentment) extreemly troubled, suddenly skritch'd & cry'd out, Oh, my husband, my husband!—I see the ghost of my husband fiercely threatning and menacing me. At which shrill and unexpected out-cry, the people about her, mov'd to a strang amaze-

ment, inquired the reason of her clamor, when presently, unurged, she told them, that seven years ago, she, to be possess of such a Gentleman (meaning him) had poisoned her husband, whose fearfull image personated it self in the shape of that ghost: whereupon the murtheress was apprehended, before the Justices further examined, and by her voluntary confession after condemned. That this is true, as well by the report of the Actors as the records of the Town, there are many ey-witnesses of this accident of late years living, who did confirm it.

“ As strange an accident happened to a company of the same quality 60. years ago, or thereabout, who playing late in the night at a place called *Perin*, in *Cornwal*, certain *Spaniards* were landed the same night, unsuspected and undiscovered, with intent to take in the town, spoil and burn it, when suddenly, even upon their entrance, the players (ignorant as the towns men of any such attempt) presenting a battle on the stage, with their drum and trumpets strook up a loud alarm: which the enemy hearing, and fearing they were discovered, amazedly retired, made some few idle shot in a bravado, and so in a hurly-burly fled disorderly to their boats. At the report of this tumult, the towns men were immediately armed, and pursued them to the sea, praying God for their happy deliverance from so great a danger, who by his providence made these strangers the instrument and secondary means of their escape from such imminent mischief, and the tyranny of so remorselesse an enemy.

“ Another of the like wonder happened at *Amsterdam* in *Holland*, a Company of our *English* Comedians (well known) travelling those Countries, as they were before the Burgers and other the chief inhabitants, acting the last part of the 4 sons of *Amon*, towards the last act of the history, where penitent *Renaldo*, like a common labourer, lived in disguise, vowing, as his last pennance, to labor & carry burdens to the structure of a goodly Church there to be erected: whose diligence the labourers envying, since by reason of his stature and strength, he did usually perfect more work in a day than a dozen of the best, (he working for his conscience, they for their lucre.) Whereupon by reason his industry had so much disparaged their living, conspired among themselves to kill him, waiting some opportunity to finde him asleep, which they might easily do, since the sorest labours are the soundest sleepers, & industry is the best preparative to rest. Having spi'd their opportunity, they drave a nail into his temples, of which wound immediately he died. As the Actors handled this, the audience might on a suddain understand an out-cry, and loud shreek in a remote galery, & pressing about the place, they might perceive a woman of great gravity, strangely amazed, who, with a distracted and troubled brain, oft sigh'd out these words, Oh, my husband, my husband! The play, without further interruption, proceeded: the woman was to her own house conducted, without any apparant suspition, every one conjecturing as their fancies led them. In this agony she some of these few dayes languished; and on a time, as certain of her well disposed

neighbours came to comfort her, one amongst the rest being Churchwarden, to him the Sexton posts, to tell him of a strange thing happening him in the ripping up of a grave. See here (quoth he) what I have found! and shews them a fare skull, with a great nail pierc'd quite through the braine-pan; but we cannot conjecture to whom it should belong, nor how long it hath lain in the earth, the grave being confused, and the flesh consumed. At the report of this accident, the woman, out of the trouble of her afflicted conscience, discovered a former murther. For 12. years ago, by driving that naile into that skull, being the head of her husband, she hath trecherously slain him. This being publickly confest, she was arraigned, condemned, adjudged, and burned. But I draw my subject to greater length than I purposed: these therefore, out of other infinities, I have collected both for their familiarness and latenesse of memory."

Thus Heywood repels the accusations of the Puritans; and he winds up his tract by a remark or two upon an abuse then lately introduced into theatrical representations, which had been complained of by adversaries of a different kind, and for different reasons.

"Now to speak of some abuse lately crept into the quality, as an inveighing against the State, the Court, the Law, the City, and their governments, with the particularizing of private mens humors yet alive, Noble men and others. I know it distates many; neither do I any way approve it, nor dare I by any means excuse it. The liberty which some arrogate to themselves, committing their bitterness and liberrall invectives against all estates, to the mouths of Children, supposing their juniority to be a priviledge for any rayling, be it never so violent: I could advise all such, to curbe and limit this presumed liberty within the bands of discretion and government. But wise and judicial Censurers, before whom such complaints shall at any time hereafter come, will not (I hope) impute these abuses to any transgression in us, who have ever been carefull and provident to shun the like. I surcease to prosecute this any further, lest my good meaning be (by some) misconstrued: and fearing likewise lest, with tediousness, I tire the patience of the favourable Reader, here (though abruptly) I conclude my third and last Treatise.

"*Stultitiam patiuntur opes, mihi parvula res est.*"

Upon the whole, this is a very ingenious and entertaining production: as it is directly opposed in statement and argument to the enemies of stage-plays, so it is equally opposed to them in the manner in which that statement is made, and that argument is conducted. Heywood was certainly a man of considerable learning, more especially in the Latin classics, to whom, it must be allowed, he is frequently indebted. The wonder is, even with that assist-

ance, that he was not sooner exhausted. He seems to give a summary of his labours, as well as others, for the stage, in the prologue to "The Royall King and Loyall Subject," 1637, in these lines:—

"To give content to this most curious age,
The Gods themselves we've brought down to the stage,
And figur'd them in Planets; made even Hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
(Saving the Muses rapture): further we
Have traffick'd by their help—no History
We have left unrifled; our Pens have been dipt
As well in opening each hid manuscript,
As tracts more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic, or more forreign tongue:
Of Fairy Elves, Nymphs of the Sea and Land,
The lawns and groves;—no number can be scan'd
Which we have not given feet to; nay tis known
That when our Chronicles have barren grown
Of Story, we have all invention stretch't,
Div'd low as to the centre, and then reach't
Unto the *Primum Mobile* above," &c.

This passage well points out the endless variety of theatrical performances about that time.

C. P. J.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

AGRICULTURE.

ART. 14.—*The Agricultural State of the Kingdom, in February, March, and April, 1816, being the substance of the replies of many of the most opulent and intelligent landholders to a Circular Letter sent by the Board of Agriculture to many parts of England, Wales, and Scotland.* London, Clement, 8vo. pp. 436. 1816.

THE Board of Agriculture, on meeting after the Christmas vacation, thought it a duty it owed to the public, to ascertain the real state of the kingdom with regard to its agricultural resources, and to further this design, a circular letter was written to all their correspondents. In this communication questions were proposed as to farms unoccupied, or intended to be surrendered, as to the abatements of rent, as to the distress on arable and grass farms, as to flock-farms, as to the paper-circulation, the labouring poor,

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and finally, with regard to the remedies for relieving the difficulties. To these letters three hundred and twenty-six answers were returned, supplying an account of the state of things in forty different countries, and also in North and South Wales, and in Scotland, and the particulars are given in the present publication.

It will be naturally expected, and the expectation will not be disappointed, that a great body of useful information from most respectable authority is given in this work. It has been complained that it has been withholden for some months, and no reason has been assigned for the delay. We trust that the Board, at a future time, will remove some unworthy suspicions that have been, in consequence, entertained, and will, on this and every subsequent occasion, shew itself worthy of the public regard and confidence, which it has so long enjoyed, and so justly deserved.

EDUCATION.

ART. 15.—*A practical English Grammar, or an easy introduction to the beauties of the English Language, by Question and Answer, principally designed for the use of Schools, &c.* By WINDHAM RAWLINSON, 1816, 18mo. p. 132.

THE mode of instructing by question and answer has been very generally adapted on the recommendation of Rosseau, whose happy illustration from the story of Alexander and his physician, is sufficiently known. The present work is by a gentleman who has a school near Bristol, and is intended for the use of his junior classes, previous to their studying the Latin and French languages. Orthographical Exercises are added, and a list purporting to be of all the French and Latin words in common use, among the higher classes of society. In the last we observe *pro re nãta*, when the circumflex should be on the last, not on the first syllable, *sui generis* is improperly rendered singular or unparalleled: *ad volorem* should be *ad valorem*,; in *Dei gratiã durante vitã*, *pro formã*, *sine quã non*, *vid*, *vice versã*, the marks of the ablative are omitted, and there are many other inaccuracies which we trust, in a future edition, will be corrected.

ART. 16.—*An Introductory Grammar for Young Children, intended to precede and accompany Murray's Abridged Grammar. Compiled for the use of the Misses Wilmhurst and Miss Banger's Seminary, Malden, Essex.* London, DARTON, Junr. 18mo. pp. 73, 1816.

THE first part of this little work contains instruction for young children in the parts of speech, assisted by a parsing table. In the second part, those grammatical lessons are elucidated in the abridged grammar of Murray, in order that the pupil may have a clear comprehension as he proceeds. The third part is merely used as an exercise, not, we presume, as the author says, "to discover what the pupils remember of their lessons," but to impress those lessons on their recollection. With a little of the cant of the school-mistress, "the author recommends to her dear young friends, to play sometimes with their maps, tables, and charts during the vacations. As it will prevent their forgetting the instructions they received when at school."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. 17.—*A Literal Translation with the Spanish interlined, of the life and exploits of the ingenious knight. Don Quixote de la Mancha, composed by Michael de Cervantes Saavadra from the Madrid Edition.* Vol. I. Part I. London. Printed for the Proprietor by Maurice, 1816, 8vo. p. 16.

THE translator of this work is said to be an independent literary gentleman residing at Windsor, and it would seem by his address to the public, prefixed to the specimen we have received, that he is a native of England, but, from some portions of the translation, we should otherwise have entertained doubts that he was writing in his own vernacular tongue. We perfectly concur with him in the few observations he makes on the exalted merit of his original author, and do not even feel very fastidious when he compares Cervantes to our own immortal Shakespeare. All that we have at present of this work is the Prologo or Introduction, but here most literally rendered Prologue, which the translator should be aware, is only now used with reference to dramatic compositions: he should also be apprised, that the resemblance should be not in the letters of the words, but in the meaning, and that by too close an

adherence to the former, he will sacrifice intelligibility to identity, not of sense but of sound.

We perhaps should have no objection to this rigid adherence to his original *literatim et verbatim*, if his purpose were to teach the language, and not to display the style and sentiments of his author, or in his own phrase, "to exhibit to his countrymen this ornament of foreign literature in its original force and beauty." He may be assured, unless he reverse his plan, instead of ornament there will be bareness, and instead of force and beauty, we shall have only weakness and deformity. We are much warmer admirers of this profound and elegant Spaniard, than a translator, and we cannot endure that he should have fathered upon him such abominable jargon. A short specimen will expose the folly and absurdity of this new experiment, exhibiting in the translation as much indecency and grossness, as there is delicacy and refinement in the original.

"Tranquility, places pleasant, the amenity of the fields, the serenity of the heavens, the murmur of the fountains, the quietude of the spirits, are grand participations, whereby the muses, to the most sterile, will display their fecundity, and offer parturitions to the world that will fill it with wonder and content."

The original is in this beautiful form. El sosiego el lugar apacible, la amenidad de los campos, la serenidad de los cielos, el murmurar de las fuentes, la quietud del espíritu, son grande parte para que las musas mas esteriles se muestren fecundas, y ofrezcan partos al mundo que le colmen de maravilla, y de contento.

The hushed element, the pleasing solitude, the cheerful field, the serene sky, the murmuring fountain, the silenced passion, are principally given that the most inert may receive an impulse productive of effects, which may fill the world with admiration and delight.

We must observe on the incorrectness, that in the passage we have quoted, sosiego is incorrect in the orthography, that colmen, which is the subjunctive, is translated as the future tense, and elsewhere (in the Latin, p. 10.) the first is substituted for the second person: (page 12) abecedario should be alphabet, and sencilla is not sincere, but simple: (page 14) prudente should not be rendered prudent, but wise: (p. 15) estuvé is translated as estuvé en pie, and aquellos, as estos; and (page 16) conocer is intended erroneously to be converted into a substantive, but cognoscence, which is no English word, is employed for cognizance.

We might introduce numerous other blunders, such as the misconstruction of the adjective *vanos*, passion, and indeed the misuse of all the parts of speech; but we have a distaste for this kind of verbal criticism, and take leave of the translator with this recommendation, that if he give an English dress to the Spaniard, he will attire Cervantes as he would himself have appeared, had he been an Englishman.

LAW.

ART. 18.—*A compendious Abstract of the Public Acts passed anno 1816; being the 56th Year of the Reign of his present Majesty King George III. and the fourth Session of the fifth Parliament of the united Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with Comments, Notes, and a copious Index.* By THOMAS WALTER WILLIAMS, of the Inner Temple, Esq. London, Simpkin and Marshall, 1816. 12mo. pp. 152.

IT is justly remarked, that a correct abstract in a compendious form of the acts annually passed by parliament, is of considerable utility from their extent and variety, and from the complicated subjects of foreign and domestic policy to which they extend. To supply, in a convenient shape, such an epitome, is the design of this publication; and we are glad to observe, from the introductory notice to the public, that it is the intention of the editor, who is well qualified for the undertaking, to communicate in like manner, as early as possible after the close of each successive session of parliament, a detail of the clauses and provisions comprehended in the different statutes.

The course adopted has been, to give the acts in the order in which they were respectively passed, and the date of their receiving the royal assent has been, properly, thought of sufficient importance to be subjoined. To make the abridgment of the easiest reference, a copious index is added, and some comments are made in notes upon several of the statutes, which will evince both the attention and the ability of the editor in this compilation.

NOVELS.

ART. 19.—*Eglantine; or the Family of Fortescue. A Novel.*
By CHARLOTTE NOOTH. London, Sherwood and Co.
1816.—2 vols. 8vo. pp. 300,—321.

THE author of this short novel has before published some original poems, with translations from the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. The present work is introduced by a preface somewhat lengthily, in which the lady expresses much sensibility as to the success of her work, and enters into the difficulties peculiar to a female writer, from her inexperience on account of the comparative sameness and seclusion to which her sex is consigned. The incident is rather deficient; but notwithstanding this chariness as to the transactions or bustle of the story, the interest is throughout maintained. Good taste and sound judgment are very generally diffused; and so true to nature is the colouring in some critical situations, that we are inclined to believe that the writer has herself witnessed the scenes she so accurately and feelingly describes. This we understand to be a first attempt at what she is pleased to call the “familiar epic;” and she has been so far successful in this experiment, that we consider ourselves perfectly justified, if these few words of encouragement should be any inducement to her, to proceed in the same walk.

POETRY.

ART. 20.—*Poems.* By ARTHUR BROOKE, Esq. Canterbury, Rouse and Co. 1816.—12mo. pp. 56.

MR. BROOKE is obviously a very diffident man; and though the poems under our eye are by no means first-rate, even in their kind, there is nothing offensive in them, and several of the pieces are very pleasing. The attempt in the note at the commencement to vindicate Pope from the attacks made upon him, is rather uncalled for; nobody denies that he was a man of great wit and acuteness, and that he was, in some respects, an admirable versifier; but these qualifications no more constitute a poet than that admirable piece of mechanism, a watch, can be called a living creature. We would advise the author of this small collection of poems, to set up for himself some other standard of first-rate excellence in the higher walks of poetry, than the writer whom he so much applauds.

ART. 21.—*Emigration; or, England and Paris. A Poem.* London, Baldwin and Co. 1816.—8vo. pp. 52.

THE author of this poem is in a violent rage against all who at this time pay a visit to the Continent; and, like most people in a passion, he is indiscriminate in his invectives; he lashes, quite as rancorously, those who merely desire to spend a few months abroad for the sake of becoming acquainted with foreign manners, and acquiring foreign languages, as those who abandon their native soil in disgust at its institutions, and at the habits of the people. This is ridiculous: those whom we can willingly abandon to the censure of this author, are persons who, having narrow incomes, and minds still narrower, quit England for the sake of keeping up appearances of beggarly grandeur: this is one of the pangs of pride, which really feels much more pain than the proverb allows. The small work before us, however, deserves considerable praise, and not the least for the moral vein in which it is written, though we could have excused a sickly excess to which it is now and then carried.

ART. 22.—*The Literary Bazaar; or, Poets' Council. A grand Historic, Heroic, Serio-comic, Hudibrastic Poem, in two Cantos. With a Pic-Nic Elegy on Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. By PETER PEPPERPOD, Esq. M. P. F. R. S., F. L. S., R. A., F. S. A., &c.* London, Harper and Co. 1816.—8vo. pp. 70.

THIS is one of those productions which it is vain to attempt to criticise—it must speak for itself; for ourselves, we confess that we do not understand at all the connection between the title and the body of the book; we supposed at first that the songs of Southdale, Colewort, &c. were meant for imitations of living poets, but we were mistaken; the great theme is the old stale story of the poverty of poets, which few care to hear, and fewer wish to feel. We cannot commend the “Literary Bazaar” as a whole, though parts of it are not devoid of talent.

ART. 23.—*Lines on the Conflagration of Moscow.* By the Rev. C. COLTON, A. M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Author of "*Hypocrisy*," a political Poem, with Notes and Anecdotes. London, Taylor and Hessey, 1816.—8vo. pp. 10.

BUT for the extreme brevity of this production, we should have been inclined to have given it a place in that part of our Review where its merits would have been more particularized. The effusions upon the great event to which it refers have been numerous, but seldom as successful as the good intentions of the authors deserved, and the capabilities of the subject would warrant. Mr. Colton, however, has described the scene, and drawn the obvious moral in a few nervous and well-constructed lines. It must be acknowledged, that in 1816, the novelty of the topic is a little gone by, but the act itself will never be forgotten; and the obvious aim of the author of this poem was, to write something upon it which should not be indebted for admiration to the notoriety or even grandeur of the subject; the postponement of the publication is a further evidence of this purpose. Although it is not usual in this department, we cannot conclude without extracting a short specimen.

"Blaze on, ye gilded domes, and turrets high,
And like a furnace glow, thou trembling sky;
Be lakes of fire the tyrant's sole domain,
And let a fiend o'er flames and ruins reign;
Doom'd, like the rebel angel, to be shown
A fiery dungeon, where he hop'd a throne!
Blaze on! thou costliest, proudest sacrifice,
E'er lit by patriot hands, or fann'd by patriot sighs.

"By subborn constancy of soul, a rock
That firmly meets but to return the shock;
By all that pow'r inflicts, or slav'ry bears—
By all that freedom prompts, or valour dares—
By all that bids the bright historic page
Of Greece and Rome inspire each after age—
By all of great, that must our wonder raise
In direst, worst extremities,—we praise
The nobly-daring, wisely-desperate deed;
Moscow is *Paris*, should the Gaul succeed.
Then perish temple, palace, fort, or tow'r,
That screens a foeman in this vengeful hour,
Be this the dirge o'er Moscow's mighty grave,
She stood to foster, but she fell to save!
The sacrifice is made, but the deed is done,
Russia! thy woes are finish'd, Gaul's begun."

We are happy to find that Mr. Colton has another work in the press, which we shall notice on its appearance.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

ART. 24.—*An Historical Narrative of the Restoration of Royalty in France the 31st of March, 1814.* By M. DE PRADT, formerly Archbishop of Malines. London, J. Booth, 1816—8vo. pp. 92.

WE have before had frequent occasion to notice the productions of this indefatigable writer, from whom, in a very short interval, we have the Embassy to Warsaw, the Congress of Vienna, and the Memoirs on the Spanish Revolution. He appears, not in the simple garb of an historian unconnected with his subject, but he is himself a bustling agent in the scene, and writes of events *quorum pars magna fuit*. The catastrophe is thus described in the concluding pages:—

“The Emperor Alexander having named M. Pozzo di Borgo to reside near the provisional government during the time that he should be absent, to combat Napoleon, who was encamped six leagues from Paris, the provisional government named me to accompany him, with the same title. Happily, these arrangements were superfluous. Two days after, the government, wishing, doubtless, to give me a proof of the attention which it had paid to the part I had taken in what had just passed, named me commissary to the grand united chanceries of the Legion of Honour and of the Order of the Reunion, the chiefs of which were absent. From that time I ceased to attend to general business, and merely intervened one single time, to solicit from the provisional government the liberty of the priests of Belgium, who had been for many years in exile or in prison.

“The following days gave new strength to the restoration, and confirmed it; the armies followed the general movement of France; the interior did not offer the shadow of dissent. The Princes, who were the precursors of the King, met on their way only acclamations, tears of joy, and happiness; the King entered Paris as a father into the bosom of his family. The foreigners respected the monuments of France, and did not draw from its treasures; they honoured the warriors whom they had long feared. Peace spread her balm and her benefits: such were for some time the fruits of this restoration, which at that time was an object of admiration and delight to Europe, and the remembrance of which must always make those, who took part in it with zeal, self-denial, and regard to the good of France, find in that alone their happiness and their recompence.” (p. 71—72.)

This work was composed some months after the restoration, and it was intended that it should have been published in Paris, on the 31st of March, 1815, the anniversary of the restoration; but the return of Napoleon prevented its appearance. As far as we can judge of the recital, the facts which he narrates, are to be depended upon, excepting those for which he had the best materials, as being himself one of the principal parties concerned.

ART. 25.—*Friend of Peace: containing a Special Interview between the President of the United States, and Omar, an Officer dismissed for Duelling; Six Letters from Omar to the President, with a Review of the Power assumed by Rulers over the Laws of God and the Lives of Men, in making War, &c. &c. By Philo Pacificus. London, J. Low, 1816.—pp. 40.*

WE have before taken notice in our publication for June, of a pamphlet intituled "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War," by the same author, and we then made some remark on the instrumentality of Sir Richard Phillips. The present consists of a dialogue between a fictitious person under the name of Omar, and the President of the United States, chiefly on the subject of duelling, in order to discourage this barbarous practice, and several letters are added on the same topic, and generally on the unchristian spirit, and mischievous tendency of war. Somewhat of the character of this publication may be collected from the following extract taken from what are called "Omar's Solitary Reflections."

"There is such a perfect contrast between the maxims of the gospel and the maxims of war, that I feel amazed and confounded when I reflect, that for ages the great body of the clergy have justified the most sanguinary custom that ever existed among men.—How would the compassionate Saviour have appeared at the head of an army, pronouncing a violent philippic to excite men to revenge and havoc? Or how would he have appeared as a chaplain, praying to his Father to grant success to an army about to engage in the work of vengeance and murder? How opposite this, to the spirit of his command, "Love your enemies;" and to his prayer on the cross "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Whoever may have been in the right, or in the wrong, in the theological controversies of the present age, how harmless have been most of the errors which have been combatted, compared with that enormous practical error, which has been common to all the contending parties? I can hardly think of any error, short of absolute

atheism, which appears to me more repugnant to the gospel, or more dangerous to the souls of men, than this popular belief, that Christians may, in obedience to the gospel, or as followers of Jesus, meet each other in the field of battle, for mutual violence and slaughter—and that prior to entering on this dreadful work, they may, on each side, cry to the *Father of mercies* to grant them success in their attempts to butcher one another. Yet this monstrous, murderous error, like the “camel” of the Pharisees, has been swallowed by almost every sect of Christians; and that too, while each has been careful to “strain out” some “gnat,” infinitely less dangerous to the lives, and souls of men.” (p. 37—38.)

The work is plain and simple in the style, is dictated by a good spirit, and perhaps is better suited to the state of knowledge in America, where it first appeared, than had there been more refinement in the language, and more taste and embellishment in the composition.

ART. 26.—*Address from the Committee of the Association, for the Relief and Benefit of the Manufacturing and Labouring Poor. Circulated by order of the Society.*

WE observe with pleasure, from this paper, that the committee in administering the contributions entrusted to their management, however disproportionate to the extent of the public distresses in the amount, have been productive of a far greater measure of benefit than the most sanguine had originally ventured to anticipate. They also found, without pecuniary assistance, considerable advantage accruing from removing the despondency, and aiding the efforts of benevolent individuals in the distressed districts, who had remained inactive from the diffidence of their own powers; but who when thus encouraged, investigated the circumstances of their afflicted neighbours, and carried into execution the most eligible methods of alleviating the existing calamity.

The London Committee, as far as the funds will enable them, express their intention to co-operate with those generous persons in the country, whose means may be inefficient, and who thus assisted and supported, may be induced to alleviate the pressure upon those around them.

ART. 27.—*A Short Account of the Proceedings of the Society for superseding the necessity of Climbing Boys.* London, Baldwin and Co. 1816.—8vo. pp. 24.

THE committee is anxious to diffuse the method of cleansing flues by mechanical means, and of shewing that they

may in every case, be safely and effectually substituted for infantine labour, the total abolition of which is the primary object of this society. A copy of a letter is inserted from Mr. Wright, who is stated to be a medical practitioner, in which the pernicious consequences as to the health of the boys employed, are stated under the knowledge he has of the subject professionally. The society has endeavoured to conduce to the valuable purpose of its institution by proposing a premium of 200*l.* for the best practical machine, with lesser premiums for those of inferior utility : and by promoting a bill in Parliament to supply the deficiencies in the existing one, and making more effectual provision for the same purpose. The first is considered to have been already accomplished by the invention of Mr. George Smart, and the last we trust will not be neglected the ensuing session.

THEOLOGY.

ART. 28.—*A Funeral Sermon, preached at Ebenezer Chapel, Chatham, on Sunday Evening, 22d Sept. 1816, by the Rev. JOSEPH SLATTERIE: occasioned by the Melancholy Catastrophe of Fifteen Lives being momentarily lost under Rochester Bridge.* London, W. Smith and Co. 1816. 8vo. pp. 43.

ON the 13th Sept. inst., on the return of a party from an excursion on the Medway, a melancholy accident occurred : the boat, in which fifteen persons were passengers, including an infant, between three and four years of age, upset under Rochester Bridge, and the whole perished. On Monday the 16th, a coroner's inquest was holden, when the following verdict was given :—"Accidentally drowned, occasioned by the negligence of the bridge-warden." It was in these awful circumstances that the present discourse was delivered before a congregation, of which most of the deceased had been members ; and it was well calculated to produce that impression which would render this afflicting visitation instructive to the survivors. We presume, that the belief of a particular providence, and of the doctrine, that with the good "sudden death is sudden glory," are, (with some other tenets, grounded on a confident construction of certain passages of Scriptures, of which many serious Christians are diffident), among the adopted opinions of Ebenezer Chapel ; but however that may be, the general design of this pious discourse is to shew, that under the darkest and most painful dispensations of the Almighty, we should ever be resigned to his will ; and it was most im-

portant that a precept, which so extensively operates on our feelings towards our heavenly Father, should, on the distressing event to which we have adverted, be happily illustrated, and powerfully enforced.

ART. 29.—*The Sunday Lecturer; or Fifty-two Sermons addressed to Youth; selected and abridged from the Writings of approved Authors, and adapted to the Use of Families and Schools, with Questions for Examination.* By ANNE LEE. London, Law and Whitaker, 1816. 12mo. pp. 440.

It is somewhat extraordinary to have a volume of sermons presented from the pen of a lady, but we have no reason to regret this innovation. She does not pretend to originality, and acknowledges that the discourses have been extracted from the works of pious divines, whom she names, but with some slight alterations to accommodate them to the youthful mind. "This liberty, it is hoped," says the compiler, "will not be considered unwarrantable by the authors from whose valuable writings she has quoted, as their discourses, by being thus adapted to another class of readers, may probably become still more extensively useful."—There is one additional expedient, that to us is perfectly new, and is certainly of great utility in juvenile instruction: it consists of short questions, intended to be answered from memory by the pupil, after the perusal of each sermon, with the design of impressing on the mind the principal truths inculcated in the discourse.

WORKS IN THE PRESS,

Literary Intelligence, &c.

A Sequel to Strictures on Hare's Letters, and on the Methodistic Schism, in answer to Hare's Second Series of Letters. By the Author of the Strictures.

Mons. Devisscher, public Teacher from the University of Paris, and a native of that City, has in the Press a new French Grammar, intituled, "*Grammaire de Lhomond*; or, The Principles of the French Language, grammatically explained in twelve Lessons, according to the rules of the French Academy;" adapted for the use

of Schools, and for persons who wish to renew their study of the French Language.

The first volume of a new and very splendid Musical Work has just been published in Edinburgh, intituled, *Albyn's Authology*; or a Natural Repository of Original Scotch Music and Vocal Poetry, principally compiled by Alexander Campbell, Esq., and who has been ably assisted by some of the most eminent Poets of the present day, particularly Scott, Wilson, Bos-

well, Jamieson, Hogg, &c. who have each contributed several original and beautiful Songs, adapted to those ancient and truly interesting Melodies.

A new and correct edition of a Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris; with an answer to the objections of the Hon. Charles Boyle. By Richard Bentley, DD. To which will be added, Dr. Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Themistocles, Socrates, Euripides, and others; with the Fables of Esop, as originally printed, and with occasional remarks on the whole.

Mr. J. P. Neale's intended Publication on the History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey, will be commenced on the 1st of November. The first part will be embellished with five elegant Engravings from original Drawings, by Mr. Neale.

Purity of Heart; or the ancient Costume, a Tale, in one volume, addressed to the Author of *Glenalvon*. By an Old Wife of Twenty Years, will be published early in October.

In a few days will be published, Remarks, by a Lover of Justice, on a recent Publication, intitled, "Minutes of Evidence taken before a Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the State of the Police of the Metropolis;" with Notes, Observations, and a Preface, by a Magistrate of the County of Middlesex.

Sermons on interesting Subjects. By the late Rev. James Scott, DD. Rector of Simonburn, Northumberland, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1 vol. 8vo.

A Diary of a Journey into North Wales, by the late Sa-

muel Johnson, LL. D. Printed from the Original MS. in his own Hand-Writing, together with a Fac-simile of a part of the Manuscript. Edited, with illustrative Notes, by R. Duppa, LL.B.

Who's the Stranger? By Henry Donne, 2 vol. 12mo.

The Wife of Fitzalice and the Caledonian Siren, a Romance, by Marianne Breton, 5 vol.

The Balance of Comfort, or the Old Maid and the Married Woman, by Mrs. Ross, 3 vol.

The Memoirs of Mr. Sheridan, from the pen of Dr. Watkins will certainly be ready for publication in the course of the present month.—When the various talents of this celebrated Man are considered; the distinguished part he took in the Political Affairs of the Country; his long connexion with the Stage; his intimacy with the highest characters, and the greatest wits of the age, and those embarrassments which too frequently accompany genius: it is to be expected that a faithful and impartial History of his Life should open a wider field of instruction and amusement than has been exhibited by any production subsequent or even previous to the Biography of Johnson. A large portion of the life was long since prepared from most valuable information communicated to him by one of Mr. Sheridan's earliest friends and nearest relatives; in addition to which, it will contain many new and original Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Parr, Garrick, Burke, Fox, &c. &c.

Claudine, or Pertinacity, by Bridget Bluemantel, 3 vol.

Gonsalvo de Baldivia, a Romance, by Anne of Swansea, 5 vol.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Plain Scriptural Sermons. By the Rev. R. P. Beachcroft, M. A. Rector of Blunham, Bedfordshire. 2 vols. 8vo.

The late Session of the House of Commons, or the great Moral Lesson; a Poetical Epistle to Lord C——gh. To which are added, The Tears of Victory, in two Cantos, and a Word to the Author of "The Talents run Mad." By an Englishman.

A new Edition of the History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England; to which is now added, an Historical View of the Affairs of Ireland. By Edward, Earl of Clarendon.

The Naiad's Wreath, a Collection of Poems, inscribed, by permission, to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales and of Saxe Cobourg. By Mrs. M'Mullan.

A concise System of Arithmetic, adapted to the Use of Schools. By A. Melrose, late Teacher in Edinburgh; revised, improved, and greatly enlarged, by A. Ingram, Mathematician; with Tables of Monies, Weights, and Measures, now used in Great Britain and Ireland: including a comparative view of the proposed new System, by Wm. Stenhouse, Accountant, Edinburgh. 18mo.

A Key to the above Work, by A. Ingram; containing Solutions of all the questions in that work.

Congratulatory Letter to the Rev. Herbert Marsh, D. D. and other Controversial Works. By the Rev. Peter Gandolphy.

Sixth Edition of A Visit to Flanders, in July, 1815; being chiefly an account of the Field of Waterloo, with a short sketch of Antwerp and Brussels, at that time occupied by the wounded of both parties. By James Simpson, Esq. With an Appendix containing the British, French, Spanish, and Prussian official accounts of the Battle.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication of A. R. W. among others, is under consideration.

ERRATA.—Page 317, line 2, for *passion* read *passim*.

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